

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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SEPTEMBER 8, 1997

Diana

Princess of Wales
1961-1997




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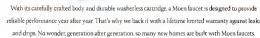
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CANADIAN
WEEKLY
NEWSMAGAZINE

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SPRINGER

Medusa on the Stamp
<http://www.usps.com/medusa>

and an *Escherichia coli* (GD HCL 5480).

1. \mathcal{L} is a linear space over \mathbb{R} with inner product $\langle \cdot, \cdot \rangle$ and norm $\| \cdot \|$.
2. \mathcal{L} is a linear space over \mathbb{C} with inner product $\langle \cdot, \cdot \rangle$ and norm $\| \cdot \|$.

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1971. *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*, 64, 105-110.

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A horrific early-morning car crash in a Paris tunnel claimed the life of Diana, Princess of Wales. As anger mounted over the paparazzi who hounded her—perhaps to her death—the world mourned a woman who leaves behind a legacy of controversy and compassion.



56

For years, she was the child star of TV's *Road to Avonlea*. But now, Sarah Polley is emerging as an actor—and a woman—of complexity. Her latest roles in *Atom Egoyan's* *The Sweet Hereafter*, which opens Toronto's film festival this week,



70

The book industry is buoyant as thousands of titles—including Mordecai Richler's new novel—arrive in the fall distribution frenzy.



66

A warming phenomenon in the Pacific known as El Niño could bring Canada a balmy winter—and cause climatic chaos in other parts of the world.

From The Editor

Unity takes centre court



Efter this summer, one of Canada's nine Supreme Court justices confided to a friend that it was unfortunate there had been so little public debate about the man's upcoming hearing on Quebec's right to declare itself independent—a hearing tentatively scheduled to start on Dec. 8. The judge need not have worried. In an surprising flurry of lawsuits, Ottawa and Quebec have been engaged in a war of opening word processors. On one side stands Stephen Dine, the current federal minister of intergovernmental affairs, who is emerging as a one-man truth commission on independence movements. On the other is Bernard Landry, the articulate deputy premier of Quebec and super-sidesman of secession. In a recent exchange of lengthy letters, both went into high gear exploring the conflict's origins and how to find their irreconcilable destinations.

Landry: "We clearly affirm that our first choice is a negotiated resolution.... If Canada rejects our outstretched hand, if Canada wants to impose visions on us, holds us within the federation against our will, then we will leave it by declaring sovereignty." Dine: "No government in Canada can consent to such a declaration of secession in advance, in the abstract, without knowing its concrete conditions. Without the support of the Canadian government, a declaration of independence by your government would not be recognized by the international community."

The detail of the dispute reveals a wilderness that Landry serves a simple majority of only 52 per cent of New Brunswickers was enough to enter Confederation. It would be "absurd" to say that is not enough to leave. Dine vows: "It is harder to get a divorce than

to get married. The U.S. government is prepared to grant statehood to the Cantonese of Puerto Rico, but only if it agrees never to leave a union that proclaims itself officially 'indestructible.'" Score: Landry 15, Landry serves again. In 1980, Canada recognized the independent Slovakia, although the population was never consulted in a referendum. In 1975, Dine, in 1975, France insisted on partitioning the island of Mayotte off the coast of Madagascar after it became independent because the residents wanted to stick with France. 25-20.

And so it goes, the match a prelude to the season ahead when legislatures and courts will riggle with arguments about Canada's future. The debate has entered a new, more realistic period. For Quebecers, there can no longer be any doubts that the cause is sovereignty—if such they choose—as perilous. International recognition without Ottawa's support is not guaranteed. Membership in NAFTA is not a slam dunk. Partition of territories within Quebec is a distant possibility. By raising those issues, Dine has moved Plan B to the head of the national agenda. He has done so with Prime Minister Jean Charest's open approval—presumably to set the table in advance of this week's meeting in Calgary of union providers

who will seek to denude their own identity—and before the hardliners from the Reform party assemble in Parliament on Sept. 22. Ottawa's strategy may even be an attempt to stir up public support for goal fans. It will advance at the Supreme Court. Whatever it is, it is a lot less than that being at centre court.

Robert Lewis



Dine, a sovereigntist-volley battle with Quebec

Newsroom Notes:

Covering a tragedy

Minutes after the first reports of the Meir accident involving Diana, the Press of Wales, on Saturday night in Paris, Managing Editor Geoffrey Sowers began calling staff members to organize coverage. With the official confirmation of her death, a train gathered at the office early Sunday morning to change the cov-



Wilson joins in London

er and produce a 10-page package on Diana (page 28). Executive Editor Bob Levin and Senior Editor Peter Kopelien assigned writers and reporters, while Art Director Nick Burnett and Photo Editor Peter Bragg examined hundreds of photos. To write the main story, Bruce Williams drew on experience during his four years in London as a bureau chief, which included several major articles on Diana and the Royal Family. Senior Writer Jon Chadley focused on

her extraordinary life and impact on society, and World Editor Barton Woodward drew on reports from correspondents in Paris and London for a look at the role of the paparazzi that hounded Diana right to the very end. In all, 20 staff members participated in a story that everyone would have preferred not to have to do. The previously scheduled cover story on actress Sarah Polley and the Toronto film festival runs at its original length (page 56).



BOSS
HUGO BOSS



This Morning's Michael Enright, Avril Bonnet, smiling

Radio daze

As a retired broadcaster who worked behind and around the microphone for 32 years, I was astonished—and as a taxpayer enraged—when I read about the new CBC Radio program *This Morning* ("Radio renovation," News, Sept. 1). I cannot imagine how any radio program could use a staff of 32 to produce one show six or seven times a week. This is considerably larger than the entire staff of many radio stations in this country operating 24 hours a day, seven days a week. A staff of 10 or 12 would be extravagant, 32 is insidious. I for one have suddenly changed my mind about the "flexi-aging" cuts made to CBC financing.

Gregory Jean
Richmond Hill, Ont.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

should be addressed to:
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Cottage life

Charles Gordon's musings on city traffic and cottage life ("Big city traffic talk on the cottage wheel," Another View, Aug. 24) struck a resounding chord in my family. We experienced the worst of Toronto's traffic on a rainy afternoon in July—ridiculous and scary! As our cottage in August, we were subjected to big city insanity brought to the countryside in the form of noisy people, old boats, pet Sea Dicks and the like. Does city life see heed upon contempt for others? Is suburban consideration of others an archaic concept? Summer's gone again, but at least spring and fall remain peaceful and sane.

Martha MacLeod
Brampton, Ont.

Western balance

Talkers enjoy reading Dr. Foth whether I agree with him or not. There is one point, though, that is a bit of a red herring. He states that the local opposition was not in place by "only" four provinces (A balance of provinces by Foth, News, Aug. 18). For the past few decades, we have had a government (mostly Liberals) that has represented only three or four provinces. In fact, right now the ruling dictators in Ottawa are only representing Ontario and a bit of New Brunswick. Balancing that with a strong voice from the West can only be good. Too bad if Toronto doesn't like it.

Michael Goyens
Kelowna, B.C.

Rich and poor

I was refreshing to read the column by Dalton Camp ("A proposal for the provinces, think small," Sept. 1). We need this type of input in our public debate about what kind of Canada we desire for ourselves, as future children. He has outlined one of the major imperatives in our affluent country, and challenged our political leaders to exercise the power that they have in dealing with inequities. I hope the members of Parliament will act upon the modest proposal made by Camp.

Alan Baker
Toronto, Ont.

Nuclear option

Not long ago, I flew from Dhaka, Bangladesh, back to Canada, departing in the evening one day and arriving in the morning of the following day. As the plane left Dhaka, I saw only a few lights in the dark city of five million. When the plane approached North America, the East Coast was a blaze of light, literally from Maine to Miami. It occurred to me to wonder what if the whole world used energy the way we do in North America? Conventional energy sources will be depleted in the next century. Wind and solar power are unreliable Band-Aid solutions. As France has concluded, nuclear power is the only realistic option. Despite the anti-nukes' systematic lobby and Ontario Hydro's sinister "McWhidown," Canada, Aug. 25), we must continue to use and perfect the use of atomic energy, even if it costs more than other attractive sources at this time. Shutting down nuclear reactors indefinitely will prevent the development of safe equipment and proper operating procedures. Moreover, concern about air pollution and global warming ought to be incentive enough to stay the nuclear course.

Edward LaFrance,
Windsor, Ont.

Having it both ways

Wrong! Peter C. Newman ("Planning the right to run the country," *The Nation's Business*, Aug. 23). Quebec can and does have it both ways. "French only" in Quebec, and bilingualism, by law, in other provinces.

Ray Jones
Toronto, Ont.

Privacy protection

Whenever a provincial government proposes a single multipurpose identification card, public concern over privacy is aroused ("The 'leaky' society," *Technology*, Aug. 25). Canadians object to so much personal information being centralized on a single card. Can a court challenge under the Charter of Rights and Freedoms restrict the use of biometric identification? Our privacy commissioners keep a good watch over new developments, but they cannot bring legislation. The same restriction politicians must protect the public with new privacy laws, and Ottawa should take the lead.

Paul Baker
Richmond Hill, Ont.



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WHAT MATTERS TO CANADIANS

THE MAIL Progesterone use

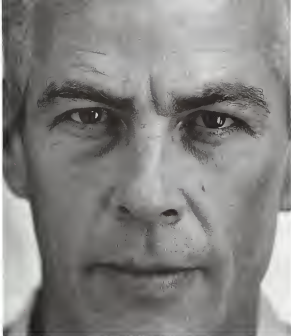
I read with interest your recent article on anti-aging hormones ("Forever young," Cover, July 14). I'm one of those tormented Canadian doctors who made the move to the United States last year. One of the unforeseen side benefits of this move has been the ready availability of the hormones you discussed in your article. Like Dr. Barbara Fischer, I believe that the natural hormone approach to anti-aging and overall well-being is a new frontier in medicine. I use DHEA and melatonin to a limited extent in my family medicine practice, but let me say the most significant hormone in your article is progesterone. I urge any women reading this letter to get the book *What Your Doctor May Not Tell You About Menopause* by Dr. John Lee. You will come away with an entirely different view of hormone replacement and the solutions available for other hormonally related problems such as PMS, fibroids and irregular menses. After you've read the book, take it to your doctors and threaten to beat them severely about the face and neck unless they read it, too! And if they tell you progesterone is unsafe or ineffective or that you make enough of your own, get yourself a new doctor, preferably a woman (preferably a woman who's unhappy with the weight gain, fluid retention, breast tenderness, gaitstaves, migraines, and risk of stroke and breast cancer concomitant with the use of synthetic or otherwise inappropriate estrogens).

Dr. George Gillies,
Oshawa, Ont.

'Best and brightest'

Charles Gordon rightly laments the poor reputation of the Canadian public service ("Why the Scrimia report failed to shock," *Another View*, July 28), yet misses a root cause of the problem. I replied his call for "an infusion of young people with idealism to rescue our politics and our institutions." Unfortunately, this lot of Canada's best and brightest will have had as long as private-sector compensation dwarfs public-sector pay by factors as high as 10:1. One need only point to the high-visibility migration of Canadian doctors to the United States to understand the perhaps less visible-but equally disturbing-migration of potential public servants to the private sector. Reformers frequently follow up attacks on government inefficiency with calls for an end to politicians' and bureaucrats' "perks." But does it make sense to expect more from public servants, just as governments slash their salaries?

Peter Sobie,
Toronto



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Column



Barbara Amiel Sweden's shameful eugenics policies

Last week, the Swedish newspaper *Dagens Nyheter* broke the story that some 60,000 Swedes, mostly women, were forcibly sterilized between 1935 and 1976 under a program organized by the state-funded Institute for Racial Biology. The official grounds for sterilization included some people who were of "typical features," as well as criminals and those of "poor racial quality."

After the story broke, examples of involuntary sterilization policies surfaced in other countries including Austria, Switzerland and Belgium. It has been known for some time that forced sterilization occurred in Canada, where Alberta's 1928 Sexual Sterilization Act was repealed only in 1982, and the United States. But there is a crucial difference between such examples and Sweden. Apart from the numbers of people operated on being proportionately far lower than in Sweden, all the other countries used sterilization mainly for what they considered mentally defective citizens.

Sterilization for people judged in some way "defective" is indefensible wherever it occurs, for whatever reason. Still, had such a policy need to compulsory sterilization on mental or ethnic grounds. The two should not be mixed up—and because one is good and the other bad, but because one is bad and the other respectable.

It is one thing to blame Sweden's deadly combination of docile, compliant citizens and malignant bureaucrats on the Social Democrats who except for a few brief coalition governments have ruled the country since 1932. They are a large part of the problem, but eugenics has always attracted unlikely alliances of left and right elements.

The concept that obnoxious the Swedish citizen, wrote Roland Haxelid in his fascinating book *The New Totalitarianism* (Stein and Day, 1972), is an extreme form of security in all its meanings, expressed in an unmistakable native word: *trygghet*. "It means both safety and security," writes Haxelid. "It implies the absence of all things unpleasant and undesirable, and always has a connotation of escape from danger or of a frightened child running to his mother."

The collective society, of which Sweden has long been the world's best and Canada the prime instance, values group rights over individual liberties and in my definition the most selfish and ungrateful of societies. What citizens in such a society seek is security for themselves. They want the state to keep them safe from their neighbors—not just safe from their neighbors' sins, but also from their neighbors' opinions, ideas, disabilities or abilities (if they owned one's own), their misbehavior (if they place a burden on one's charity), or fortunes (if they seek one's investment). They also expect the state to keep them safe from their neighbors' "deviations" from whatever the norm might be at any given time, including race,

health, wealth and IQ. The ideal Swede also expects the state to keep him or her safe from nature, war, and the economic and social consequences of assistance on full security.

What is an offer in exchange for all this cozyness in your neighbor's rights and freedoms as well as your own. Offering up one's own freedom and rights is one thing, amiable as it may be, but your neighbor's rights and freedoms are not for you to offer. It is all of a piece that Sweden, the cradle of the nanny state, is possibly the world's center of *totalitarianism*. One cannot blame Sweden for being the only Scandinavian country to remain neutral in the war against Hitler. It would have been suicidal for it to declare war on the Third Reich. But it is a fair assumption that the reason Hitler didn't bother Sweden is that it was completely unattractive to him.

The parallel is not exact, but during the war, the Swedes did for Hitler what the Americans did for the Allies before Pearl Harbor. The Swedes said Hitler just about everything he wanted, from gun ore to half-brothers, and favored the Axis powers. There were brave, valiant individual Swedes, such as Raoul Wallenberg, who performed heroic acts at great personal risk to themselves, and there are Jews and other potential Nazi victims who are still alive only because of the "safe" houses that the Swedish government had provided in some European countries. But, frankly, I find those gestures almost comical, insufficient to counteract the horror of Sweden's ethos.

During the Second World War, the Swedish government saw little moral difference between the Third Reich and the Allies, just as in the Cold War Sweden saw little distinction between the tyranny of communism and the free West. Then U.S. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger was questioned in the 1970s on whether he felt it was an affront to have to deal with Swedish Prime Minister Olof Palme's neutrality. "This posture of Swedish neutrality," he said a reporter, "couldn't be carried out without the protection of the United States and the Western Alliance."

In education policies, Sweden set out to eliminate any notion of individual rights. A senior education official was quoted in Haxelid's book saying: "It's useless to build up individuality, because unless people learn to adapt themselves to society they would be unhappy. Instead, we talk about the freedom to give up freedom."

There are "Swedes" in many countries. For years, there were feminists who promoted the science of eugenics in the name of gender rights. These days, feminists have reversed their approach and now they prefer to let women get pregnant and then abort the baby. One might be forgiven for thinking their attitude is why just sterilize when you can kill the whole thing. But that is another story. For the moment, we might mourn the children who were never even conceived in the paradise on earth that our intellectuals told us was Sweden.

'It's useless to build up individuality. Instead, we talk about the freedom to give up freedom.'

Edited by ALPHEA HITCHENS

Just call this guy 'Ace'

Finance Minister Paul Martin looks a charmed life. Since he took on the job of balancing the country's chequebok, interest rates and the dollar have fallen. Now, even his golf shots are dropping. Last week, playing the 185-year eighth hole at Knowledge Golf Club on Lac Beauport, southeast of Montreal, Martin's four-iron from the tee fell into the cup for a hole in one. The move was no stroke, according to subcommittee members Lutz Peltz and Brian Gallivan witnessed the event. On a roll, Martin will take his lucky four-iron to the Bell Canadian Open pro-am this week at Royal Montreal Golf Club, where the favorites are dubbed Tiger and the Shanks Tiger.



The enthusiastic
galler, 'everything
looks just right'

Clinton vacations in style

When a difference a year makes Last summer, when he faced reelection, Bill Clinton's advisers forbade him from vacationing in his favorite spot—the wedding, celebrity-studded island of Martha's Vineyard off the coast of Massachusetts. Instead, they sent him all the way to Wyoming to promote his image as a rugged outdoorsman. This year, however, the President, his wife, Hillary, and their daughter, Chelsea, are back in the Vineyard, partaking with the likes of Ted Danson, Mary McCormack, Sylvester Stallone,



Maple
syrup the
Canada
Tree,
about 1910

A tree grows in Charlottetown

A first-time Aspen wanted to bring Canadians together through their stories. And his hand-crafted Chronicle Tree is doing just that. The sculpture from Plastic PE is an assemblage of nine-metre tree from charred bits of wood that Canadians from every province and territory have donated. Since its begin in June, Aspen has attracted more than 25,000 visitors to his makeshift studio on the steps of the Confederation Centre in Charlottetown, and containers of wood are piling up by the hundreds. Some donations—like a seeworm brand handle donated by an Alberta man who “could feel his father’s and grandfather’s hands in the growth”—are touching. Others, like

the wooden hockey cane (the precursor to the modern hockey stick) from the oldest player on the Old Times' Hockey Team from Matthews N.B., is consistent with history. Along with the bats, Aspin has gathered additional wood and stones in the Confederation Centre where visitors can see everything from a two-million-year-old piece of beech from Ellerslie Island, N.W.T., to a horned skate from Regina. Aspin, 28, will leave Prince Edward Island in October to complete the leg at the Museum of Civilization in Ottawa, then take it on tour next summer. "I just people talking to people," says Aspin. "The tree is one big dialogue among Canadians."

Shock-jock Stern versus the CRTC

If it has such record in the United States, it's only a question, which Jack Ruby and New Stars could land in a Canadian prison, as it usually is. The morning talk show which is syndicated in 35 U.S. cities is making an Canadian debut this week on CHOM FM, a Montreal station owned by Toronto-based CHUM Ltd. and Toronto's Q107. Since it was launched in 1986, *The Howard Stern Show* has run into fires of the U.S. Federal Communications Commission to the tune of \$2.39 million in fines for indecency and obscenity. New Stars, who is no longer for his listeners' benefit and intent, racist and homophobic commentators, from a whole new set of rules under the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission. It regulates forced "obscene content" that tends to "expose an individual or group to hatred or contempt for such things as race, ethnic origin or religion. Taste



Stems: *Awes for indecently and obscenity*

Audet, a fiscal director with the government regulator in Montreal, says the CRTC will not monitor Scott's show, but adds, "we expect that we'll hear about it." Audet says the CRTC reviews complaints when licenses are up for renewal. And that can result in a shorter renewal term for stations. But spokesmen for the two Canadian radio stations say they are expecting no problems with the New York City-based announcer's show. Adds CHOM vice-president Lee Haseltine: "There's a very little that I've heard that one would want to censor." Some listeners may think otherwise.

Islands of Bill 101

Having an island named after one's literary work is certainly not a common accolade for an author. "This is one of the stranger ones," says Quebec City-based writer Neil Bissoondath (*Le Désir de Noël*), an island in Northern Quebec named after his 1985 short story "The Christmas Lunch." The place was just one of 187 islands in the area known as the Gulf of St. Lawrence. City and province officials took a week (broken into short stories, novels, plays and poems by Quebec authors) that was how the Quebec commission responsible for geographic names marked the 20th anniversary of Bill 101, the province's Charter of the French Language. Bissoondath, 42, who supports the measure to despite its irritants, says he is honored to have his name on the list, since one of his honors "My Island" beliefs are firm and well-known." The meaning, therefore, however, has sparked controversy.

BEST-SELLERS

FACTSHEET

1. *The End of Small Things*, Jonathan Day (7)
2. *The Unbearable, New Yorker* (3)
3. *Put in Your Mouth, American McGonigal* (1)
4. *Crucial Moments*, Peter Mayhew (6)
5. *Unsettled*, Edward Rutherford (9)
6. *Unsettled*, Patricia Connolly (2)
7. *Old Best*, Kelly Ricks
8. *Old Whispers*, Charles Frazier
9. *Waves with Me*, Richard Ford (2)
10. *Amelia*, Lorena Comolero (10)

NONFICTION

- *The When and Where* in *Wages, Henry Belton*
- *Angela's Ashes, Frank McCourt (M)*
- *Into Thin Air* *Jon Krakauer (M)*
- *Beowulf, Bart & Chris, David Ford read*
- *Daniel Defiance (M)*
- *Pass, David and the God of the Sea*
- *Anders Series (M)*
- *The Life of Margaret Lawrence, James King*
- *The Imperialist, Lawrence Martin*
- *Simple Machines, Sarah Lee Zecherbach (M)*
- *The Perfect Storm, Sebastian Junger (V)*
- *Handwriting, Susan Holt (V)*

©Fracture test results compiled by Brian Mathews

The annotated Anne

Since it was published in 1908, *Anne of Green Gables* has remained an international best-seller. Now, editors Wendy Barry, Margaret Anne Doody and Mary Doody Jones have published the first annotated version, which draws on the journals of author Lucy Maud Montgomery, as well as the music and literature of the time.

Passages



Book: *Post*, publisher and scholar
Rating: 71, of heart failure, at his home in Victoria. Skelton, a longtime professor of English and creative writing at the University of Victoria, published nearly 50 books.

including 32 collections of his poetry, translations, memoirs, critical works and books on the occult. In 1957, he co-founded the *Melushin Review*, an international journal of arts and letters.

DIED: Entertainment executive **Brandon Tartakoff**, 45, is at a Los Angeles hospital, where he was undergoing chemotherapy for Hodgkin's disease. In the 1980s, Tartakoff propelled NBC, then the lowest-ranked American TV network, into first place by programming such dramas and comedies as *Hill Street Blues*, *Miami Vice* and *The Cosby Show*.

CONVICTED: East Germany's first Communist leader, **Egon Krenz**, 63, who gave into public pressure to open the Berlin Wall, is facing counts of manslaughter in the shooting deaths of people trying to flee to the West. Krenz, who was sentenced in a Berlin court to 6 1/2 years in prison, was security chief when he succeeded **Erich Honecker** as Communist boss in October, 1989. The wall fell on Nov. 9, 1989.

APPOINTED: Toronto-based magazine executive **Jamie Warshaw**, 53, as chief executive officer at The Stationery Office, a private London-based company formerly part of Her Majesty's Stationery Office, which prints everything from Hansard to British passports. Warshaw, who was publisher of *Maclean's* from 1987 to 1992, and subsequently chairman of Maclean Hunter Publishing Limited, has been active in fighting U.S. demands that the Canadian government change its policies on the magazine industry.

IDENTIFIED: The wreck of the yacht of Canadian **Gerry Roufs**, 43, who went missing on Jan. 7 while competing in a round-the-world race, by Roufs's wife, **Michelle Carter** of Montreal. From aerial photographs sent by the Chilean navy Roufs has not been found, and the wreck has disappeared again in heavy weather off the coast of Chile.

A SUPREME DILEMMA

A judge's retirement raises the national unity stakes

BY ANTHONY WILSON-SMITH

Say, heard the one about the Newfoundland judge who wants to become a Supreme Court of Canada justice? Forget all responses involving crows, tired attempts at humor (the proper answer is that the person in question should be a current resident of The Rock, a lawyer and jurist of unblemished character, bilingual and well-versed in all aspects of criminal and civil law). If only, being a woman would be a distinct asset. Any one possessing those qualifications should immediately apply for the position. By doing so, she, or he, could make a dream come true—not for their own, certainly that of Prime Minister Jean Chrétien, who unduly and desperately seeks a confidence lifting those or similar specifications.

Of all the things the federal government did not need heading into an already busy fall, the resignation of Supreme Court Justice Gérard La Forest last week would be high among them. As with almost every other dilemma that confronts Chrétien and his newly re-elected government, the reason for dismay revolves around national unity. "It would make for a great horror movie monster," sighed a senior cabinet minister. "No matter how many times you chase it away, it keeps coming back in new ways."

New Brunswick's justice and bioscience La Forest, 71, stepped down for a combination of age and other personal considerations. His decision, delayed by ill health (he's selling his Ottawa house in a flat real estate market, had been expected that many people in the legal community thought he would stay on at least until the federal government's Supreme Court challenge to Quebec's self-declared right to unilateral secession in dependence could be heard. Although La Forest was well regarded, his departure would not normally evoke such concern: justice ministers traditionally consider the chance to appoint a new Supreme Court judge as one of their few opportunities to put a long-lasting stamp on the country's highest legal body.

But the upcoming Quebec case—the court last week unanimously agreed to accept Dec. 8 to 10 to hear arguments on either side—has given new urgency to the search for a successor. The new nominee, who should, in order to meet a complex combination of professional, traditional and regional criteria, come from one of the four Atlantic provinces, will play a key role in that politically fraught decision. The ideal choice would come from Newfoundland, although legal experts say the government could also mainly preclude with a nominee from Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia or New Brunswick. Because of the need to proceed on a long backlog of cases, a nomination will likely come as early as this month.

And these worries, other factors have helped to push the unity is-



La Forest, other factors have also pushed the Quebec issue to national centre stage

sue to national centre stage. Among them: the ongoing fiascos over Toronto psychiatrist's barbed analysis of Quebec Premier Lucien Bouchard, a blunt exchange of letters between Quebec deputy premier Bernard Landry and federal justice minister Allan Rock, and an upcoming special meeting of the premiers. That means that the fall political agenda, including the opening on Sept. 22 of what is likely to be the last Parliament of this millennium, will again be dominated by sharp disagreements over the country's future.

"Take the premiers' meeting on Sept. 24 and 25. Take it anywhere, in fact, that is far from the eyes of Chrétien and his advisers, who probably would prefer it was take place at all. The time English-Canada-

an premier—Bouchard refuses to attend—are meeting in Calgary to discuss ways of "rebalancing the federation." That would better suit only Quebec—and themselves. Officially, the federal government welcomes the idea. "Anything that shows Quebecers and other Canadians the possibility of efficient reforms is a good thing," Finance Minister Paul Martin told Martin's in an interview.

But Chrétien's advisers are annoyed that the federal government is not invited, and consider first most of the potential consequences of the premiers' effort will be negative. On the one hand, said a Chrétien adviser, "they meet and can't agree on things. It's just one more example for the sovereigntists to use on the impossibility of reform." On the other hand, the adviser added, "even if they do agree on a program of reform, it might involve so much devolution of federal powers to the provinces that it would be impossible for us to agree. And then if we refuse, it still strengthens the sovereigntists' hand."

Not everyone is as negative. The reform party, despite its contradictory stance that too much time and effort are devoted to Quebec's constitutional demands, welcomes the premiers' initiative. "The key to making everyone happy is to ensure that all powers offered to any one province are offered to all other provinces," said Reform MP Robert Jaffer, one of the party's team of constitutional critics. "Not every province wants every power, but each should have the choice left up to them. And the premiers are conducting discussion on that basis, we are all for it." Similarly, Progressive Conservative Leader Jean Charest also praised the premiers' efforts, although for different reasons. "The best way to win another Quebec referendum," Charest told Martin's, "is to not have one. If the premiers can demonstrate before any that Quebec's claim that federalism is renewable, that will help get the PQ defeated—and save all that trouble."

The Liberals, after adopting a more conciliatory attitude towards the Parti Québécois government in the period following the October 1995 referendum, are now taking a harder line. Part of the reason is a conviction that their previous efforts have little fruit at the polls despite a poor campaign by the Bloc Québécois, the Liberals won a mere 28 seats in the province in the June election, only seven more than the 20 they took in 1993. But at the same time, they now believe that the PQ, with its own popularity problems as a result of deep spending cuts, may be vulnerable as well. A Groupe Leger & Leger poll released last week showed that support for sovereignty had dropped to 45 per cent, compared with 50 for the No side—the highest level since well before the October 1995 referendum. Experts said the results were in large part due to unhappiness with the PQ government. A Liberal federal stance also strikes a chord in the rest of Canada, and helps the Liberals in their efforts to undercut the popularity of Bouchard, which will be increasingly prominent in its new role as Her Majesty's Local Opposition.

There is now sharp line examples of the Liberals' increasingly belated reaction. They showed little remorse over the recent revelation that Toronto MP John Godfrey asked psychiatrist Dr. Vivian Boleff to compile an analysis of Bouchard. Godfrey pressed on the unflattering report to Chrétien's office, although Charest issued the never see. An infuriated Bouchard termed the entire effort a "howlow," and editorial reaction in the premier's French-language media was unanimously condemnatory. That Chrétien, during a visit to Vancouver last week, shrugged off the importance of the report by saying he was subjected to similar analysis of his character after he mandated a professor in early 1996. Other senior Liberals also downplayed the incident, insisting it will quickly blow a sec—



Bouchard taking a controversial psychiatrist report a 'how blow'

ied by the end of last week, that appeared to have happened.

Another sign of a hardened stance on Quebec has come from Human Resources Minister Pierre Pettigrew, normally regarded as a dove on federal-provincial relations. In August, he rejected Quebec's demands for more federal money and control of provincial and mandatory benefits in the province. And last week, too, for the second time, warned the PQ in an open letter that any attempt at Quebec secession could only take place following the establishment of mutually agreed-upon rules. That letter came as a response to Quebec's Landry, who had written an accepted reply to an earlier, similar one from Dion to Bouchard. "No conclusion," Dion wrote Landry in a four-page letter, "that it would be absurd if it were more difficult to leave Canada than to enter it. It is no no way absurd."

The province's independence, Dion warned, could only take place

CANADA

If Quebecers voted on a clear, unambiguous question—say, whether both federalists and separatists agreed. In addition, he said, the new nation of Quebec could only be formally recognized internationally if Canada did so first. Even then, Dion observed, there are no guarantees that Quebec's present borders would be maintained. "It may be that in the difficult circumstances of negotiating secession, in agreement on modifying borders would become the least unworkable solution," Dion wrote. "That is how all extra must be spent that such things can happen."

That letter was followed by another open letter from Bernard Chénier, the grand chief of the *Nation* Abenaki of Quebec, who insisted that natives have a veto right over any attempt to take their territories in the province out of Canada. Predictably, Dion's letter was criticized by *Péribon*—but widely praised outside the province. "This is the kind of message we have been looking for," said the farm's father. And Chénier suggested that the exchange of letters had "let a lot of people in Quebec to stop and think" about the potentially negative consequences of sovereignty.

With the Supreme Court now tentatively scheduled to deal with the legal issues surrounding Quebec's separation in early December, the stage is set for another full of feeling between Quebec and the rest of Canada—and between federalists who cannot agree on how to deal with Quebec. The court will be asked to rule on three issues: whether the province can unilaterally declare its sovereignty under Canadian law, whether it has the right to do so under international law—and, if domestic and international law are at odds, which one takes precedence.

The renewed focus on both good and bad for the Chénier government. On the negative side, the debate is likely to sidetrack attention from several initiatives the government has planned for this autumn. But it will also dispense the fact that Ottawa's agenda for the coming months appears thin. Part of the Prime Minister's fall will be spent on a series of educational events, including separate meetings of francophone and non-francophone countries, a gathering of members of *Abenaki*—and *Abenaki* is *Abenaki*—in Vancouver in late November, and the launching of a landmark document, known as the *Act of Union*, that was initiated by Canada.

As for the rest, the speech drew the throne, to be delivered by Gov Gen. Roméo Levesque on Sept. 23, will lay out the priorities for the Liberals' second mandate—and it will be devoted more to maintaining the status quo than to establishing new programs. Among the likely highlights the Liberals will promise to:

- devote half of future budget surpluses to increased spending on social programs, and half to debt reduction payments;
- maintain present levels of federal transfers to the provinces for health care;
- spend \$450 million on child poverty, and eventually double that amount.

Despite that relatively modest list, the Liberals insist they are tarrying an important corner. For the first time since coming to power, said Martin, "we are talking about a post-deficit world where we will be able to focus more on cutting and more on what to do with new resources." That long-term fiscal picture should be good news for all Canadians. But, as the backing over only once again demonstrates, not even the prospect of more money can buy a nation's happiness. □



Quebec's hardened stance on Quebec

A phone call that changes everything

Sometime in the next few weeks, a judge or lawyer in the Atlantic provinces will get a phone call that will forever change his—or her—life, and perhaps even the destiny of the nation. The caller will be Prime Minister Jean Chrétien with the offer of an appointment to the Supreme Court of Canada as the successor to retiring Justice Gérard La Forest. The invitation and the acceptance will be a formality, because prime ministers decide being turned down, and will already have obtained the candidate's agreement to serve. (Judicial life is rich in stories about candidates who agreed to serve and then never got called.)

To replace La Forest, a native of New Brunswick, Chrétien could pick any judge or lawyer in the country who has been a member of the bar for at least 10 years. But one of the Supreme Court's nine judges has always been from the Atlantic provinces, and the Prime Minister is unlikely to break with that tradition, which essentially guarantees the West two judgeships and Ontario three. Quebec is entitled to three by law.

However, says University of Ottawa law professor Ed Ratushny, who served as an adviser on judicial appointments to three successive justice ministers in the 1970s, "I don't think they'll necessarily go for a New Brunswicker. They'll do a quick scan of Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island and if there's no one there, they'll probably go for Nova Scotia." Nor, added Ratushny, would Chrétien feel bound to choose a francophone—"being bilingual is kind of a low-level requirement and besides, most of the recent appointments have been willing to undergo language immersion." In Ottawa's eyes, some legal sources said, the most important challenge—as the court tries to decide whether Quebec has the unilateral right to declare itself a sovereign state—is to find someone with the 71-year-old La Forest's grasp of constitutional law. Quebec says La Forest's resignation gives Chénier an opportunity to add a woman to a court that now has only two.

There is no shortage of proposed nominees, both male and female. Marilyn Pilkington, dean of York University's Osgoode Hall Law School, said Constance Gobeil, chief justice of the Nova Scotia Supreme Court trial division, "is a very effective jurist and has been the leader of the Nova Scotia legal community." The Prime Minister, she added, "would do well to consider the scholarship with which she approaches the most difficult legal issues." Dean David A. Russell of the Dalhousie University faculty of law in Halifax said Justice Ronald Poffey of the Nova Scotia Court of Appeal had been "one of the leading trial lawyers in Eastern Canada" before going to the bench. Her choices among women candidates: Nova Scotia appellate judge Nancy Boudreau and Elizabeth Pascoe. In St. John's, judges Jack Green and Leo Barry of the Newfoundland Supreme Court trial division and Justice Margaret Gurnea of the province's Court of Appeal were widely mentioned.

Anne La Forest, one of the retiring jurist's two daughters and dean of law at the University of New Brunswick, said the selection should be made not on the basis of gender or language but of quality. "Some say that because of this referendum case it should really be a francophone," she said. "But you don't choose a judge for the next 25 years based on one case."

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Champing at the bit

Rookie MPs want to make their mark on the Hill

Striding down a corridor in Ottawa, Conservative MP Scott Brison is everything one might expect from a newly elected member of Parliament: at once confident, opportunistic—and so very nervous. The 36-year-old Nova Scotian has been slipping in and out of the capital all summer, preparing for the Sept. 22 opening of Parliament. His West Block office is small and out of the way—typical of those given to rookies. But his size is of little consequence to Brison, who is more worried about his ability to stand out on Parliament Hill. One of 90 newcomers in the 301-seat House of Commons, he knows that to get noticed he has to quickly learn the rules—both written and unwritten. "It's vital," says Brison, "that I get a quick grasp of things."

From finding out where the coffee is, to switching supplies or taking a look out of the library—just to experience mastering the legislative process—learning it all is an arduous task. ("I don't have to be taken by the hand," says Liberal Jack Longfield, newly elected as the Ontario riding of Whitby/Ajax, although she concedes the accuracy of some guidance.) Longfield, Brison and other newcomers have no shortage of advice. The first of two official orientation seminars was held in June and covered matters of office administration and the wide array of services available to MPs. Next will be a look at the procedures of both the House and committees and the conduct of parliamentary business. Queen's University is even holding a symposium on Sept. 8 that will include a series of lectures for new MPs by former politicians and politicians.

With the parties now having official status in the House, the coming season promises to be lively—if not chaotic. That is why all parties, including the governing Liberals, are holding closed-door meetings for newcomers. In the 1993 election, Reform won 52 seats but had only one voter as—Alberta MP Deborah Grey, the party's deputy leader, who first won her seat in a 1989 by-election. House Leader Randy White acknowledges that the party's lack of experience hurts them during the last Parliament. "It would know them what we know

now, we would have come out at a much faster pace," he says. This time around, Reform has 48 parliamentary veterans to advise the party's 20 rookies. White, for one, will be hosting a number of Reform initiation meetings in Ottawa this week.



Brison: "It's vital that I get a quick grasp of things"

Last week, it was the turn of veteran Tories to instruct their freshman colleagues. The 20-member Conservative caucus—11 of them are newcomers—heard from a group of Midwestern cabinet ministers, among them Harvey Andre. The former government house leader spent 21 years on the Hill before retiring from politics, and says he found the culture of the Hill intimidating when he was first elected in 1952. "It's gradual," says the good-humored Andre, adding that it took some years to feel at ease. "The light doesn't just go on one day."

But Reform Leader Preston Manning is clearly hoping for some enlightening pointers from his rookies. Among those en-

joyed to share is Jason Kenney, a former tough-talking head of the Canadian Taxpayers' Association who is adept at handling the media. Reform is also getting its bases on a group of MPs who, as media novices, may increase the party's profile, especially within the multicultural communities of Ontario—where Reform still hopes for a breakthrough. For now, though, more mundane concerns predominate. Manitoba MP Jody Marz, a Chinese-Canadian, jokes that his new office is a lot closer than the one he had during his previous job, mayor of Dauphin. But he is disappointed with the \$772,000 annual budget provided to MPs—for both their parliamentary and constituency offices—because the cost of staff has been exorbitant.

"It simply does not go far enough," he explains. Chalking up the idea of a Reform asking for more public money, he adds: "It is so much more expensive than at home."

The New Democrats, with a caucus of 33, seem to have the fewest worries. Some of their 16 new members are actually former MPs who have returned to Ottawa after stints in private life. Others say that, apart from leader Alexa McDonough, the rookie to watch is Judy Wasylycia-Leis, a former provincial cabinet minister from Manitoba. As health critic, she hopes to let the government hand over costs, but admits she does not quite know what to expect in the House. "Nothing can prepare me for what it will really be like," she says.

Among the Bloc Québécois's 44-member caucus—down 10 from the 54 members they had after the 1993 election—are nine new MPs. They, like the party, will be struggling for a profile now that the Bloc has lost its official Opposition status. But the newly elected members with perhaps the toughest job are backbench Liberals. Like other newcomers, new government MPs are allocated and eager to be part of the process. But they will be relied on by Prime Minister Jean Chrétien to be unquestioning supporters of government initiatives, with a much narrower majority than last time—135 MPs. Chrétien is expected to tolerate little individualism.

Longfield, for one, dismisses the notion that government at times must simply do what they are told. "I'm my own person and I don't feel like I have to tread softly," she declares. "And I won't." Brison also wants to make his mark. But he believes a light-hearted approach may sometimes be appropriate. "You've got to have some fun," he says, "because that is such a boring task." And one where experience will likely be the best teacher.

LUKE FISHER in Ottawa

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A season of deaths

Tragedy plagues a resource-rich Alberta reserve

If money could buy happiness, and if idyllic surroundings soothe the soul, then the 3,500 members of Stoney, Chinle and Tsuut'ina bands living on the Stoney Indian reserve should be among the most contented people in Canada. Aside from the spectacular beauty of their land, the foot of the Rocky Mountains, 90 km west of Calgary, the 440-square-kilometre reserve is rich in natural gas resources that this year will pump \$32 million into its total budget of \$50 million. Yet 68 per cent of the population is on social assistance, and the reserve struggles with the same depressive cycles of unemployment, crime, alcohol abuse and violence that afflict many native communities across Canada. What makes Stoney exceptional this summer is that, since June, its residents have gathered six funerals to bury young members of their community.

Of the three men and three women, from ages 19 to 28, who lost their lives, one was murdered, one committed suicide, one died in hospital and the three others died in car crashes—and alcohol was a factor in every case. All six have been categorized as good people who led behind a troubled life. Of the record, many residents say the deceased were victims of a social malaise encouraged by their leaders' mismanagement of the resource income, which reached as much as \$20 million at its peak in the 1970s. Change is all but impossible; those critics maintain, under a political system that rewards supporters of the chiefs with better housing and services and punishes their critics.

Although the Alberta government has rejected a provincial judges' call for a judicial review of alleged corruption in the reserve leadership, the federal Indian Affairs department is arranging for a forensic audit of the reserve books. It will also work with the reserve on a joint task force examining social conditions. Former chief Frank Kaputia, 72, says an investigation should have been done "long ago" but few other residents are willing to go public with their concerns. "If people have evidence of wrongdoing," says Fred John, acting re-

sional director of Indian Affairs in Alberta, "they should give it to the RCMP and it will be investigated." "What's the point?" counters a 21-year-old band member who asked not to be named. "If you make worse your life becomes even worse."

Stoney band elder Joe Brown blames the reserve's misery squarely on the tiny resource money that in boom times put as much as \$500 a month into adult band members' pockets. Reserve residents still receive \$50 each month in gas revenues. "We lived a happier, simpler life," says the sel-

bered Rock Butler, former city administrator of Revelstoke, B.C., to help sort out the financial mess and put in place proper resource controls. Last week, the tribal council approved a new budget aimed at eliminating its deficit through a series of moves that includes cutting back on travel by reserve officials, clamping down on overtime, curbing the use of outside consultants and closing a band office in Calgary. "It's a first step," says Butler. "We have a plan and now we have to get there." But even if the reserve balances its budget, questions will linger as to how the Stoney got into such a state of economic and social turmoil.

The strongest allegations of corruption have come from off the reserve. In June, just as the spate of deaths was starting, Alberta provincial court Judge John Kelly investigated the Alberta justice department to investigate a situation he blamed to "a deterioration of a band's republic." Postponing sentencing of a band member convicted of assault-



Funeral of Stoney reserve resident Roland Fox: "This is a community that is suffering deeply."

spondent Tseyenokel Brown. "The problem is that young people now just wait for their cheque and go buy booze."

Over the years, Stoney tribal councils have tried to develop a self-sustaining economy. Smuggling the Trans-Canada Highway along the heavily travelled corridor between Calgary and Banff National Park, the reserve has concentrated on the tourist industry. It operates a 30-room hotel and conference centre, a roadside restaurant and craft store, and a small strip mall. Its own social programs include a health centre and drug and alcohol counselling.

Still, while not managing to escape the cycle of unemployment and welfare dependency, the Stoney reserve has run up a \$5.4-million budget deficit. Moving to address its problems last June, the tribal council

lagged its work, Kelly said he first needed a report on social conditions and allegations of corruption on the reserve. The three bands that make up the Stoney First Nations have replied by filing a complaint against the judge with the Judicial Council of Canada.

The provincial government says Kelly's call for a judicial review exceeded his jurisdiction. The budget auditor and the task force, whenever they report, could provide some direction for change. But as reserve residents mourn the loss of the six young people, they are impatient for conditions to improve. "This is a community that is suffering terribly," says tribal council member Tina Fox. "Sometimes we have to take control of our lives."

DALE BRESLER on the Stoney reserve

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ACCUSING A JUDGE

Quebec Superior Court Justice Robert Pléhiert appeared in court to face charges that he had stolen \$1.2 million in drug money through Swiss banks from 1989 to 1995. The charges, which date back to when Pléhiert was still a lawyer, are thought to be the most serious ever leveled against a Canadian judge. The Mulroney government appointed Pléhiert to the bench in 1990.

SINKHEADS AND GYPSIES

About five dozen neo-Nazi skinheads chowing "Out, Gypsies, out" marched outside a suburban Toronto motel occupied by Gypsy refugee claimants from the Czech Republic. One skinhead carried a placard that read: "Hork! if you hate Gypsies." The Canadian Jewish Congress decried the incident. About 200 Gypsies arrived in Toronto after a recent Court of Appeal decision documentedly depicted Canada as a haven.

THE GREAT ESCAPE

The grand opening of Ontario's first granite pit, a boot camp for young offenders, was spoiled by the escape of two inmates. The 19-year-olds were captured after a 12-hour search. In another disturbance at the institution, called Camp Tamaround, two other inmates assaulted a guard. Critics dubbed the jail "Camp delirium."

TESTING FOR PCBs

Health Canada said it will take samples of blood, hair and, in some cases, breast milk from 200 natives in Alberta's Seven Hills area. The samples will be tested for dioxins, furans and PCBs. The region is home to the Beaver Lake, tailings-ponds disposal site, which has been plagued by oily and a noxious explosion. Tests have shown that wildlife has been contaminated.

A COLONEL REASSIGNED

Canadian Forces Col. René Verner, whose mysterious disappearance for two weeks in June has yet to be publicly explained, was reassigned. Verner had been the director of arms-control verification at national defence headquarters when he vanished. He later was found, disoriented, in the Rideau River near Ottawa. Verner will now oversee the downsizing of the foreign liaison officers corps.

Toxic headache

Test results released by the Ontario environment ministry last week confirmed what many Hamilton residents already feared: The ministry announced that the charred wreckage of the Plastimet Inc. plastics-recycling warehouse, razed by a fire that burned for four days in July, is dangerous and will take longer to clean up than the 50 days originally forecast. According to the study of soil, silt and rubble, the site contains 66 times more toxic dioxins than is permitted by ministry guidelines, and 60 times more polynuclear lead. "I would say it's a seriously contaminated site," said ministry spokesman Hardy Wong at a news conference.

Despite the high level of contamination—dioxins are potent carcinogens and lead can damage the nervous system—Wong insisted that nearby residents are safe. The toxics, he said, have been contained, in part by regular hosing with water to stop the spread of poisonous dust. Earlier in the week, the environmental group Greenpeace issued its own contamination report with similar findings, calling



The Plastimet site: 60 times more dioxins than permitted

the site "probably the most toxic in Canada." Provincial Liberal Leader Dalton McGuinty, meanwhile, demanded a public inquiry into health risks posed by the fire—as did many concerned Hamilton residents. "We got four leeks," McGuinty said. "If I was living across the road and I heard we have 66 times the allowable levels of dioxins in there, that we have 60 times the allowable levels of lead, I wouldn't believe the government when they told me that thing is not dangerous." A report last month by the Ontario Fire Marshal's Office warned that the enforcement of fire-safety standards across the province means another similar blaze is possible. Last fall, Plastimet was found to have violated 59 provisions of the fire code. When fire struck in July, a sprinkler system had yet to be installed.

Exposing museum fakes

A donated collection of 700 African artifacts at the New Brunswick Museum in Saint John is little more than "trash." That is the opinion of Belgian consultant Marc Frits, commissioned by the museum to assess the collection. Frits's external report, which was limited to reporters, last week described much of the collection as "disgracing," "worn garbage" and "an insult." Almost one-third of the sculptures and masks are stolen items. "They are not even copies of types of figures and masks that exist," Frits reported. Half of the artifacts are exceptionally poor copies of existing works. He added, while only 20 per cent are realizations.

This is the second time the provincial museum has been embarrassed by fakes. In 1989, David Campbell, a well-known Toronto art dealer, donated 130 Fabergé art pieces to the museum, including several jeweled eggs. In 1994, a European expert discovered that only six of the items were authentic. Campbell also donated about 400 of the African pieces in the corner of the latest controversy. Jacques Gervais, a Montreal dealer in African art, said the New Brunswick Museum should have had the pieces appraised before it decided to accept them. Such deals, Gervais maintains, only serve to give Canadian museums a bad name. "If a why we don't have a good reputation around the world," Gervais said.

FISHERIES

Ocean showdown

Critics aboard about 80 B.C. fishing vessels staged a mock salmon fishing protest off Vancouver Island to demonstrate against federal regulations that limit where they can fish. Federal officials wearing bulletproof vests boarded some boats, but made no arrests because the fishing lines had no hooks. Instead, say they caught, snail their center because federal licensing practices strictly limit where a boat can drop its lines—regulations that Ottawa says prevent overfishing by keeping boats from going to where the fish are. Last week's showdown marked an escalation in the ongoing battle for a share of the \$400-million salmon industry. Some B.C. fishermen have also staged recent protests against native-only fish areas. "Protestants" will get no change whatsoever," vowed Fisheries Minister David Anderson. But the next day, department officials pretended to find a way for the Indians to fill their quotas.



Diana

Princess of Wales: 1961-1997

COVER

BY BRUCE WALLACE

They kept trying to take her picture even after the car stopped swerving off the concrete wall, even as she lay dying in the back of the twisted chassis. She was there grey. So the photographers wrapped away the lights from their cameras flashing in the tomb of a trend that sweeps along the right bank of the Seine River in Paris—capturing in film the mayhem of crushed metal and broken bodies in the Mercedes 600. The driver was dead. A body guard lay grovelling behind the spilled canvas of an air bag and the points of the car's front grill. But the celebrity they were after was trapped in what had been the backseat, her companion already dead beside her in the wreckage. Diana, Princess of Wales, 35 years old, a mother of two sons, was unconscious; her chest and lungs crushed. No doctor would be able to save her from the tear in her left pulmonary artery as the latest scene that would follow. And still, amidst the tension and the broken glass and the eerie silence of the car's horn in the tunnel, the photographers kept snapping their pictures.

The shocking accident in the early minutes of a Parisian Sunday morning brought strange end to one of the most talked-about lives of the century. Fairy-tale princess and voracious divorcee, impeccable beauty and social do-gooder, media victim and manipulator, caring mother and confessed adulteress, sister and later scapegoat of the monarchy—Diana was all that and more and the public could not get enough of her (page 36). Her death was stunning on several levels. It was sudden. It was violent. It sent those she had touched through her charity work into headbroken mourning and added millions more who had never met her but who had followed her troubles—and sometimes trouble some—life with the intimacy that modern celebrity affords.

Within hours of her death, hundreds of people arrived at her Kensington Palace home in west London to lay flowers, teddy bears and messages of sympathy at its gold-flecked gates. "Criminally devastated," was British Prime Minister Tony Blair's description of his feeling and those of Britons. "They loved her. They loved her. They regarded her as one of the people," said Blair, choking back tears. "She was the people's princess and that's how she will remain." In Canada, Prime Minister Jean Chrétien echoed those sentiments, saying Diana had captivated "the imagination of the people around the world, and in the past few years she had devoted a lot of her time and energy for the causes that affected the weakest in society."

But Diana's death was also linked to the culture of celebrity, that late-20th-century infatuation with the lives of the rich and famous that she represented better than anyone else in the world. The media attention that had mothered Diana from the moment she

became engaged to Charles, the Prince of Wales, in 1981, was not only present at the end, but may have actually contributed to her death. She did not die in some champagne-soaked plunge, all a *Côte d'Azur* cliché. The crash first failed her came as she was fleeing paparazzi who were reportedly chasing her through crowded Paris on motorcycles. They were in search of yet more pictures of Diana with Donal Alford, the wealthy film producer whose early stages love affair with the princess had provoked so much controversy. Whether the car carrying the couple was forced to swerve to avoid the riotous scene was not immediately known, but French police detained seven photographers at the scene for questioning. "I always believed that the press would kill her in the end," said Diana's brother, Earl Charles Spencer, reading a statement to reporters outside the gates of his Cape Town house. "Not even I could imagine that they would take such a direct hand in her death as seems to be the case." A composed Spencer attacked the media for its relentless pursuit of his sister over the years. And he suggested that the competitive drive to publish ever more lurid pictures of the princess led newspapers and magazines to offer lucrative cash incentives that made it worthwhile for photographers to risk such dangerous, high-speed pursuits. "It would appear that every proprietor and editor of every publication that has paid for intrusive and exploitative photographs of her, encouraging greedily and ruthlessly individuals to risk everything in pursuit of *Diana's image*, has blood on his hands today," said Spencer.

His feelings were widely echoed as the streets of London and around the world, where a swelling chorus of outrage condemned the paparazzi who chased her. The fury appeared well placed when Steve Coe, editor of the *National Engineer*, reported within hours of the accident that the people offering photos of the death scene were hoping to make \$1 million (U.S.) from worldwide sales of them. Even before the extent of Diana's injuries was known, a spokeswoman for *The Globe* tabloid newspaper had engaged in on-air speculation about what might be a suitable price for the photos, asking the CNN interviewer, "What's his name when he's out on his motorcycle?" and later asking about the crash. The *Engineer's* Coe blamed the accident on last month's bidding war to publish the first pictures of Diana and Donal leaving while on a Mediterranean holiday. "Is a paparazzo, that's like winning a lottery ticket," said Coe. "This was a tragedy waiting to happen" (page 36).

But until the moment of impact, the chase through Paris was just another episode in Diana's long-standing mouse-and-cat relationship with photographers. She and Alford had just spent a week vacationing in and around the French resort of Saint-Tropez, dividing their time between the Alford home and yacht, *Isolad*. The couple had arrived in Paris on Saturday after-

The princess in Paris in August; chasing the camera has had more



father, Mohamed, owns Harrods department store and who admitted to trying to bribe the previous Tory government into giving him a British passport. Some London tabloids had begun running stories suggesting that Diana's older son, Prince William, was uneasy with the relationship as well.

The princess had also taken on a more politicized role as the past year. She criticized Britain's former Tory government for its policies on homelessness and its refusal to ban anti-personnel land mines. The latter stance, in particular—supporting the so-called Ottawa Process for an international ban on the mines—had raised her reputation at home and abroad as a serious proponent of worthy causes. "On this one, she was like the saint," said Jill Stoddie, director of Canada's arms control and disarmament division. "Because she took the issue, she gave it the profile, she gave it the political status." But Diana's involvement in politics was traditionally off limits to royals and, by extension, certainly to herself—also added to the press backlash in Britain, leading Diana to wish aloud that she could abandon her country for a life abroad. "The press is vicious," she told the French newspaper *Le Monde* just days before her death. "It pardons nothing. It only hunts mistakes. Every intention is misinterpreted, every gesture ridiculed. I think that in my place, any sane person would have left long ago. But I cannot. I have my vows."

Her sons no longer have her now. Princes William, 15, and Harry, 12, were on vacation with their father in Scotland when the accident occurred. Prince Charles broke the news, then took the boys to church before leaving for Paris to accompany his ex-wife's body back to Britain. Diana's death seems certain to have a traumatic effect on the boys, Prince William in particular. Diana often referred to William as an advisor and confidante, telling friends that she relied on her eldest son for emotional support during the breakdown of her marriage and its nasty, lingering aftermath. She also credited William with having made the suggestion that she auction off her old dresses for charity.

Second in line to the throne, William has long been uncomfortable with the royal obligation to give for the cameras. Now, he must grapple with the fact that as a public figure, he will always have to deal with the paparazzi culture in which his mother lived and died.

Of course, if the cult of celebrity is to be blamed for Diana's death, culpability must be limited to a handful of photographers trying to make a quick buck one night in Paris. For all the outrage aimed at the press after her death, the almost instant supply of Diana photos has fed a voraciously insatiable public demand. London's *Daily Mirror* paid a reported \$450,000 to publish the first picture of a kiss and candle between Diana and Al Fayed because it knew readers would

buy their paper. "Mardierna," screamed a crowd of thousands outside the Salpêtrière Hospital as the photographers who arrived to shoot Prince Charles coming to collect her body. But one of the last great photographic scraps of Diana was taken and sold to the press just last month by a young girl with an instant camera. Diana had arrived by the Harrods helicopter in a Midlands village to visit her psychic, consultant, and everyone from children to housewives ran for their cameras.

Even in the hours after the tragedy, the economy who came in to pay solemn respects at Kensington Palace brought their cameras along to record the moment. "It was strange," said Lesley Birkhead, a Toronto tourist who joined the massive pilgrimage to the palace. "People would leave messages at the gates saying, 'Why couldn't you have a normal life?' or whispering, 'How could they do this to

The Paris tunnel after the crash: Body Al Fayed, Diana's coffin being carried from the hospital; competitive pressures led a media frenzy for more revealing photographs of the princess and her new love



her eighth birthday party last August, when a helicopter hovered in to view, bringing a late-arriving guest. Diana "dove under a plastic table to hide because she thought it was photographers," Browne told *McGraw-Hill*. After compiling herself in the wilderness, Diana told Browne: "Try at my son's birthday party and I don't even truly enjoy that because I can't just be here, like people sitting here." Browne recalls thinking, "My god, this is how tough this life is."

But in turn, some factions of the British press had grown jealous with Diana in recent months. Where they once showed sympathy for her version of a hellish life inside the Royal Family, she was now occasionally mocked for her personal habits, such as her dependence on bodyguards for advice. There was also much muttering about her new relationship with Al Fayed, whose flamboyant and controversial

Was Diana hounded to death by pursuing paparazzi?

COVER

noon, and dined that night at the Espadon restaurant in the opulent Ritz Hotel, also owned by the Al Fayed family. Photographers were tipped off about their presence, and about 30 showed up outside the hotel, a handful choosing to keep an eye on a backstreet exit on the Rue Caillou. They were the ones who spotted Al Fayed and Diana hopping into a white-provided Mercedes, trying to slip out the back.

As the papers followed on motorbikes—the favored means of transport since it allows them to weave in and out of traffic—the driver accelerated on the road along the Seine. Paris police speculated that the Mercedes, which also carried bodyguard Terror Illes-Jones, was exceeding 100 km/h when it sped past the city's downtown district and clipped into the slightly curving tunnel at the Pont de l'Alma bridge. At that point, the driver swerved to avoid another vehicle approaching on his right, struck a central pillar and beginning the fatal spin out of control. As newspapers were trying to determine whether the Mercedes was trying to avoid one of the pursuing motorcycles, but the photographers certainly pressed upon the carriage. One had to be rescued by police after angry onlookers began beating him up.

Diana's own complaints about press hounding were well aired. The incessant clicking had gone far beyond the odd days of the simple fast chase down a London street. Those encounters, while still irritating to the princess, had more of a slapstick feel to them. More recently, the intrusion had become claustrophobic and sophisticated. Diana took one British newspaper to court in 1995 for publishing revealing photos of her dressed in weekend clothes at her gym, where the fitness center owner had allowed the photographer to peek at a tiny hidden camera.

Diana was used to being stalked from above as well. Toronto media consultant Bonnie Thornton, who works for Sarah Ferguson, the Duchess of York, recalled attending Princess Beat



Princes William (left) and Harry with Charles: the loss of a loving mother seems certain to have a traumatic effect

ber?" But they all had their cameras, and everybody had to have their picture taken at the gates, too."

Nor did Diana herself turn her back on the press when she needed its power, particularly during her notorious divorce proceedings from Charles. She had a selected cadre of reporters to whom she would often leak her version of events designed as the "saw of blades." She had thousands of inquiries about how the media works, well aware that her glitzy could easily eclipse Charles's often awkward attempts at public relations.

Sensitive to charges that they were somehow responsible for the tragedy, some British tabloid reporters fired back at the dead princess. They maintained that her exploitation of the press had continued even after she and Charles supposedly declared a truce in their public battles. For example, Diana chose the day that Charles hosted a 30th birthday party for his longtime mistress, Camilla Parker Bowles, as a striking juxtaposition of public buffeting suit for the assembled photographers. "She walked on the beach, she got on a jet ski, she got on a motorboat," said *Daily Mirror* reporter James Whitaker. "Why shouldn't she do that? I'm not saying she shouldn't. But that was definitely a virtuoso performance for its target photographs and a story," he said. "It's terrible what happened, but there was no element of use of the press and photographers in general that Diana used cynically to her advantage." Yet there was little doubt that the *Al Fayed* romance had pushed a dramatic press unit running even greater risks to get pictures of the couple. *Al Fayed* said that, even before the fatal accident, the hotel had begun legal proceedings to prevent photographers from swooning over his Moroccan-born house and yacht in helicopters.

It will now never be known whether or not Diana had found true love with *Al Fayed*. Certainly the tabloids thought so; they had described Diana as besotted and essentially protected the couple would marry. Many of her friends were not so sure, saying simply that the princess was at last enjoying life again, swept up in the swirl of *Al Fayed's* world.

But Diana's story was always about more than just a fairy tale love that died. Many of those who mourned her death believed she would be remembered for the way she could reach out to those who suffered, whether from AIDS or battle wounds or land mine injuries. Her brother-in-law of her "real sense of duty. She understood the most precious needs of human beings," said Spencer. "I think she was being closer than any public role," added Rosa Mosca, one of Diana's closest friends, who vacationed with her in Greece when the first blast at Dordania. "When she gave the aid a gift with such compassion that it inspired her."

Here was a rare life. Perhaps no one has ever lived their adult years under such scrutiny, each private moment of joy or anguish played out before a fascinated global audience. Diana stood atop the mount of celebrity in the credits age, her life an open book for anyone who could plunk down the change to buy a paper. Life: Martin and Elton, her silent premature death will likely greet her as an icon—former young, former temptress—while the rest of us speculate how or how it might have turned out in the end.

CANADA'S PRINCESS

The memory, for many, lives in Diana captivated Canadians during three extended royal visits to Canada with her former husband, Prince Charles. The first was an 18-day tour in 1983—two years after the couple's stormy wedding at St. Paul's Cathedral—that saw the couple succumb to "Divorce." That visit, to Atlantic Canada, Ottawa and Edmonton, was not without controversy. On one occasion, reporters demanded to know if then-New Brunswick Premier Richard Hatfield, an avid socialist, had been drunk when he graciously hosted the royal couple with the words "Just the finest town, for you, the finest is you. A toast to you, the Prince and Princess of Wales." But the late premier's enthusiasm was shared by thousands more: "She was a person that made you feel good to be with," says Jack Bone, 55, the former mayor of St. Andrews, N.B. During the couple's six-hour visit to his town, Bone recalls, "I always had the feeling that here's a girl who'd like to have her hair and a glad shirt on. I never felt that she was comfortable with the interior pressure she was under."

Three years later, the Prince and Princess of Wales were back, this time for an eight-day tour of British Columbia—the longest visit by any member of the Royal Family to a Canadian province. Diana was clearly the star as thousands gathered for a glimpse of the couple. Well-wishers cheered her with flowers during the grueling tour, which included the official opening of British Columbia's Expo 86 in Vancouver and visits to other parts of the province. "Her pictures at her justice, but in person she was beautiful," remembers Vancouver health-care worker Fred Wyse, who saw the princess at Expo. But the hectic schedule took its toll.

Concerns about Diana's health mounted when she fainted after touring Expo's U.S. pavilion, and Buckingham Palace was forced to issue a statement saying that the princess was in perfect health. That was not the case. As later disclosed by Diana, 1990 was the year she began to develop the debilitating autoimmune disease known as multiple sclerosis, to the fact that her marriage was crumbling behind closed palace doors. By the time of her last visit to Canada, a week-long tour with Charles in November, 1991, speculation was rife about the state of their union—and Charles's frustration over his wife's ability to steal the spotlight. The couple was already leading very separate lives, and the final visit to Canada reflected that. It was, in fact, more a case of two separate tours. Charles focused on business and environmental concerns. Diana on the social and medical issues that came to dominate the last years of her life.

Grief and cheering as always, casual when the situation called for it, she also moved John Flinthey with her compassion during a visit to the Toronto AIDS hospice, Cicely House. "She was amazing," recalls Flinthey, the institution's executive director. "She was extremely comfortable with the residents—she really made an effort to spend time with them and their families to talk about what it is like to live with HIV." Cicely House, Flinthey said, has a candle that is lit for 24 hours in memory of a deceased resident or friend of the hospice. On Sunday, that candle burned for Diana.

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THE TABLOID PRINCESS

BY JOE CHIDLEY

In more protean times, the world has inspired poetry. Taking a cue from Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, who habitually and fearfully referred to Queen Elizabeth I as "Diana" in their poems, some courtly scribe would no doubt have picked up on the allusion of her name, drawing comparisons to the Roman goddess of the moon. The literary device would have been apt, providing rich fodder for describing her many phases and moods, her luminous beauty, her omnipresence. And yet, in the end, ultimately tragic life of Diana, Princess of Wales—cut short last week in a violent car crash—there was little poetry. Instead, the saga of Diana was the stuff of scandal sheets, tabloid magazines and well-publicized indiscretions. Her life, perhaps to the very end, was unresistant not to water-ski or piloted mopeds, but in the place of the pageant's flabellio.

In the end, both the woman and her legacy defy idealization. She was more complex than either her friends or her foes—and there were many—usually eager to acknowledge. A shy teenager who seemed destined to be a faithful consort to the future king, she became a Guinnessed jewel who knew how to play a crowd. She was a caring mother and (for a time) devoted wife, and a colorful adulteress whose affairs embarrassed Prince Charles and the entire Royal Family. She was a victim of media uproars, and yet she was also a shy manipulator of public opinion who engaged in off-the-record tabloid wars with her husband when their marriage was falling apart.

A fearless and sincere worker for dozens of charitable causes, she went a long way towards earning the self-proclaimed title of "queen of the people's hearts." But with her indiscretions, the all too human Diana lent humanity to no man. And despite her oft-repeated claims to being a simple, unassuming life, she became a pop icon, the most photographed woman in the world. She was, for good or ill, a creature of her times.

It is difficult now to imagine a time when the world was not fascinated with Diana. But much of her young life was spent in relative, if anemic, obscurity. The third of four children, Diana Frances Spencer was born on July 2, 1961, at Park House, an east English minor that her parents named after Queen Elizabeth II. Utterly in the Vincent Ashurst, Earl Spencer was descended from a centuries-old line of loyal servants to the Crown; the late Earl himself served as equerry to both Elizabeth and her father, King George VI. Much of Diana's early life was spent at Park House and at the late Rylance of Athor, in the Midlands north of London. As in some respects, as in little childhood of nannies and nature walks, where Diana—a child of privilege and substantial, if declining, wealth—developed a love of the outdoors and her skill as a horseback rider. Even then, however, Diana was no stranger to family discord. For much of her first six years, her parents struggled to hold together a troubled marriage that, in many ways, foreshadowed the union of Diana and Charles years later. Her father, an emotionally distant man, and her mother—who in the mid 1960s conducted an extramarital affair with a clothing businessman, Peter Shand Kydd—were simply incompatible. In 1969, after attempts at reconciliation and a trial separation, the marriage dissolved. Diana's father was custody of the children;



Diana with Al Fayed in Saint-Tropez; the divorce from Charles seemed to signal something of a personal and public rebirth

At the July gala for London's Tate Gallery, reversed



Diana was more complex than either her friends or her foes acknowledged

her mother, Frances, married Stuart Kydd in the same year.

A quiet student who seemed to enjoy domestic duties, Diana's first formal education was at Riddlesworth Hall, an all-girls boarding school in Norfolk, where she was a commendation from the headmistress for "her behavior." Later, Diana attended West Heath school in Kent, and then an expensive boarding school in Switzerland, becoming a competent skier and boxing her way in French. (Meanwhile, her father married, to Raine Curlland—a daughter of the romance novelist Barbara Cartland—despite the opposition of his children.) By the time she returned to London in 1977, Diana had blossomed from a somewhat dowdy, slightly overweight girl into a pretty and composed 16-year-old.

That November, Charles visited Ashor for a shooting expedition—and, reportedly, to court Diana's older sister, Sarah. But the then 20-year-old heir to the throne was clearly taken with the young Diana, a "very jolly and amusing and attractive 16-year-old—full of fun," as he would later recall his first impressions of her. Over the next three years, from acquaintance through friendship to romance, their relationship

blossomed—and so did the media's fascination with Diana. As rumors of Charles and the young aristocrat's courtship spread through London, photographers and school reporters converged on her estate the formidable Young England to British Park, where she taught kinder garden. And when a photographer snapped a now infamous photo of the shyly Diana clad in a diaphanous dress backlit in the sun outside the school, a media sensation was born. On Feb. 24, 1981, Charles and Diana announced their engagement. Five months later, on July 29, the two were wed in a magnificent ceremony in St. Paul's Cathedral in London.

Exposed to hundreds of millions of viewers around the world, the wedding of Charles and Diana was a defining moment of the early 1980s, putting the phrase "fairy tale wedding" into the common parlance. Suddenly, after years of slow decline in influence and popularity, the scenes of the British monarchy were fixtures, from television reports and newspaper headlines to bumper stickers and commemorative plates. For a time, it seemed, the Royal Family had been rejuvenated—thanks in large part to Diana. That sense was heightened on June 22, 1982, by the birth of the couple's first son, William Arthur Philip Louis—made heir to the throne of England.

The reality, however, was starkly different from the dream. In their demeanor and interests, Charles and Diana diverged widely. He was reserved, with a philosophical turn of mind, while she was young and down to earth, and clearly uninterested in her new husband's passions for hunting and architecture. And there was some question about the depth of their feelings for each other, even then. In an interview during their engagement, Charles mused his love for Diana was "not following up with a building contract." "Whatever love means," he said.

Diana often seemed ill at ease with her new, public role—at times clearly not accepted by her husband's speeches, and emotionally distant from him even in unguarded moments. Diana's relationship with Charles's mother, meanwhile, proved difficult—Elizabeth was much more taken with Sarah Ferguson, later the Duchess of York and wife of Charles's younger brother Andrew. And the press followed Diana everywhere, even capturing a hilarious moment in which she went out on the film while on a Caribbean vacation. A telling exchange came during the couple's Italian tour in 1984, just before the birth of second son Harry, when they visited a Venetian art gallery. With access to the couple, Charles remarked about how wonderful it would be for him and Diana to return to the gallery some day and "look at this on our own." Diana replied: "But we never are, are we?"

To her lasting credit, Diana turned her head towards good causes by the early 1980s, the kingdom Palace listed the Princess of Wales as a patron of no less than 90 charities. She took a companion and finally met AIDS, a disease to which she lost a longtime friend, London art dealer Andrew Wood-Jones, in 1991. Indeed, as far back as 1987, Diana was photographed shaking hands with an AIDS patient—a controversial gesture at a time when few were aware that the disease could be contracted through casual contact. "You can still have a love and give them a hug," she later said of people with AIDS. "Heaven knows, they need it."

Audie transformed herself from "Princessy" to "Princess Di," and then, thanks to her charity work, to "Saint Di" in the popular imagination. Diana's personal life was falling apart. As early as 1991, when she and Charles visited Canada for their third and final extended tour, royal-watchers were already saying that the marriage was dangerously dead. A year later, the publication of the magazine *Intimate Strangers* took the book *Marianne*—with whom Diana co-opted through friends—guilt of a picture of a young woman trapped in a loveless marriage that reflected a harsh physical and psychological toll. Following the birth of William, she suffered severe postnatal depression, a condition that, she later recalled, "gave everybody a wonderful new label—Diana's unstable and Diana's mentally imbalanced." By 1996, the book mentioned she had developed the ongoing disorder believe or not, and the book continued, she widely arranged marriage to attract the attention of Charles—who had renewed her relationship with Camilla Parker Bowles, a romantic interest from before his marriage. "I did suffer upon myself," she later confirmed. "I didn't like myself, I was ashamed

because I couldn't cope with the pressures."

There was more to come. In the summer of 1992, British tabloids reported taped conversations Diana had had with stability her James Gilbey, who called her "Suzanne" and repeatedly professed his love for her. (She later denied having an affair with him.) That November, she and Charles toured South Korea, and it was an ungraceful tour: Diana's verbal raps and clear distance between the two. It came as little surprise, then, that in December, Prime Minister John Major rose in Parliament and announced the formal separation of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

With the couple separated—but still, Major said, with as much place for divorce—Charles and Diana's relationship descended into a bickering match waged in the media. And the Backloggers for several more will not truly appear. In September, 1994, the book *Princess at Last* alleged that Diana had an extra-marital affair with a handsome cavalry officer, James Hewitt. The book was widely condemned—and Hewitt was ostracized by other officers in his elite Life Guards regiment, who accused him of being a traitor. But in late 1995, Diana herself confirmed the affair during a sensational BBC television interview watched by millions. "Yes, I had a love affair," she said of Hewitt. "Yes, I was in love with him."

It was not the only stunning revelation arising from the interview. At the outset of their marriage, she recalled, she was "desperately in love" with Charles, and thought they would "make a good team." But the media situation soon proved to be daunting. With all "these a lot of problems, a great deal of complicated situations arose because of that," she said. Diana also replied that the charges of an affair with Gilbey had been linked to the press by a royal faction loyal to Charles—"my husband's side," as she called it. "It was done to harm me in a serious manner," she said. Most controversially, she suggested that Charles may be unsuited to his destiny because of his "character." "Because I know the character, I would think that the people, in all this, would bring enormous temptations to him," Diana said, "and I don't know whether he could adapt to that."

Royal watchers interpreted that November 1995 interview as a bid to reinitiate revenge on Charles—who had confessed earlier to biographer Jonathan Dimbleby that he "had himself embarked on an affair with Parker Bowles. For Queen Elizabeth, it was clearly the last straw. In December, Buckingham Palace officials confirmed the Queen had written Charles and Diana, urging them to divorce. On July 12, 1996, after weeks of contentious negotiations, they agreed to terms. Diana would receive a report of \$10-million settlement but would be stripped of the title Her Royal Highness. On Aug. 28, a British court granted a divorce, officially ending the couple's 15-year marriage.

After dropping her partner of some 100 children—saying she wanted to give them an opportunity to find another royal patron—Diana adopted a new identity, riding the world of her personal fondness. She traveled to Angola last January, and then to Bosnia last month, drawing attention to the plight of civilians disabled or killed by mines. Despite her occasional missteps, Diana at 36 seemed to have grown confident in her role as humanitarian and celebrity. Perhaps, with her former lover's mother, Dodi Al Fayed, who had found no romantic happiness. For Diana, divorce seemed to signal a personal and public rebirth. Throughout the fables, the scandals and the tabloid-style condemnations, she maintained her popularity—among the people of England and around the world—with her charm, style and easy grace.



Clockwise from above: Diana in a 1973 school photo; the princess-to-be in earlier years; gracing her children during the 1991 Canada visit in Anglia last January



With Charles and the Royals; in Sydney, Australia, in October, 1990 (right), with Mother Teresa in New York (below) establishing herself as a tireless worker for good causes



Meeting Hilary Graham Clinton last June, with the Queen in 1987 (below): for a time, the Royal Family appeared rejuvenated



Coasting singer Elton John at last July's Festival of Britain (below) designer Gianni Versace (below): "We never are alone, are we?"



No longer myths, but still a queen of the public heart, she was one of the most covered and recognized people in the world. And what was Diana's legacy? For her children, with whom she was always loving and close, the loss is inevitable. For the Royal Family—its reputation sullied by scandals, not all of Diana's making—the future of Charles as a bachelor king, and of the British monarchy, remains an open question. For her millions of fans, some of whom gathered outside their nations' Palace last week, there will be continued grief and outrage. For the rest, who knew Diana only through the myriad headlines, the photos and the books, her death nonetheless cast her the rod of an era. For Diana—love her, hate her or somewhere in between—there is no getting around the scope of loss, at something significant passing away. The death of a familiar image, perhaps. Or as the poets might have put it, the disappearance of the moon from the night sky. □

THE PAPARAZZI PLAGUE

**Aggressive
celebrity
photographers
face mounting
public anger**

No major celebrity can avoid them. Emerging from cars, snatching glances, peering or trying to take a second or third, the platoon hordes of the 90s are hounded mercilessly by the men—and a few women—who wield long lenses and a brain's stroboscopes. Movie stars have punched them, sued them and urged boycotts of their work. But the aggression level of the world's paparazzi just seems to reach new intensity with every celebrity sighting.

In an eerie lull shadow of the Paris tragedy that claimed Diana, Princess of Wales, last week, actor superstar Arnold Schwarzenegger and his wife, Maria Shriver, were trapped in their Mercedes-Benz in Santa Monica, Calif., last May between two cars piloted by paparazzi. Two photographers were charged with false imprisonment in connection with the incident. In pursuit of a quick snap and an even quicker buck, as behavior seemed too expensive, no tactics too shockingly. And the deal Diana and her newly revealed love, Dodi Al Fayed, in a high-speed car crash while being pursued by photographers on motorcycles. Last week, amid the chorus of denunciations of paparazzi and the editors who buy their work, there were calls for more control on their methods, especially in Britain.

It will not be easy. As Diana's unending exposure showed, catering to the public's fascination with royalty is immensely lucrative. "They never left her alone," said freelance photographer Mike Lawe, formerly a royal photographer for the now-defunct British newspaper *Today*. "They do it for money, money, money. It's the great incentive to lose all their principles." In Britain and Western Europe, it is not unusual for a photographer to be paid \$25,000, \$40,000 or more for a single photograph. The figure can skyrocket when the context is as sensational—to include newspaper editors—as the blurry shots of Diana and Al Fayed kissing on his yacht in the Mediterranean. Britain's *Daily Mirror* paid \$450,000 for the British rights alone. The pictures reportedly earned photographer Maria Bressan \$7 million worldwide. According to Steve Cox, editor of the *Lancaster, Fla.*-based *National Enquirer*, sources he did not name were last week hoping to reap \$3 million (\$1.5 million in worldwide sales) for pictures of Diana trapped in the crushed car showing unusual decorum. Cox said the *En-*



Diana under the lens: 'They never left her alone'

quirer had refused to buy them and urged the world press to boycott due to ethical sale.

In the wake of the tragedy, some celebrities called on governments to take "anti-paparazzi" measures. "It's high time to put an end to this, an end to the stalk-outs and chases," said *Los Angeles Times* columnist "There should be a law to protect citizens." Actor Tom Cruise echoed the demand for new laws. "You don't know what it's like being chased by the press," he told CNN. "It's harassment under the guise of you know 'We are the press, we are entitled.' When people are having a private moment, they should be allowed to have a private moment."

In Britain, as in most countries, it is open season on celebrities. "There is no law in this country," says Charles Langley, night editor of the *London Evening Standard*. "There is only custom and an understanding that one should behave decently." France is the notable exception, where privacy laws are notoriously strict. "In theory, you can't photograph someone walking down the street," says Lawe. "You need written permission. In fact, if I shot a street scene, I'd technically have to get permission from every person that appeared in my picture." But the law is widely seen as ineffective when it comes to celebrity photographers. "You've got to remember that these paparazzi ride the edge of the law and often go over," says Les Wilson, editor of Britain's *Sunday Express*.

Like others in the business of publishing celebrity photos, Wilson maintains that Diana herself may have contributed to the problem. When her car moved away from the Ritz hotel after her dinner with Al Fayed, the photographers had no choice but to give chase, he contends. That view is shared by the Rome photographer by whose lensman character in Federico Fellini's 1960 film *La Dolce Vita* whom the late director named "Paparazzi." Secorch, now 72 and retired, acknowledges that his colleagues no longer show good taste. "There is a limit where someone should just say 'stop,'" he says. "Set on the other hand, I don't see why people try to run away from paparazzi. At a certain point, they should just let themselves be photographed and move on." For Diana, however, that just meant moving within range of the next intrusive lens.

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Native protesters: 'We are tired of being treated like garbage'

ment for you," said a Bay Street analyst. "Right now, Voisey's Bay is producing the square root of zero." Inco is under enormous pressure to generate cash because of the \$4.3 billion it paid to acquire the Voisey's Bay discovery from Vancouver-based Diamond Fields Resources Inc. in 1996. After last week's stop, some analysts predicted that production might not begin until 2001.

Inco is faced with satisfying the concerns of not one but two native groups—and negotiating with both the Innu and Inuit aimed at arranging a compensation package have bogged down. In addition, both the Labrador Inuit Association and the Innu Nation want a full environmental assessment before any work gets ahead. "It's make matters worse, Inco is faced with a brutally short construction season. Winter typically arrives by late October, and the ground remains frozen solid until late June. The longer production is delayed, the more Inco is gambling with nickel prices. The going rate for a pound of nickel is now \$4.13—down \$2.15 since early 1995, in part because of increased shipments from Russia.

Newfoundland Premier Brian Tobin plays down the importance of the 1998 strategy. "Frankly, the whole history of large resource developments is that these delays happen," he says. But Tobin is clearly growing impatient with the Innu and the Inuit. In recent weeks, he has threatened to pull out of land-claims talks and give the courts the final say.

Without a doubt, Newfoundland has a lot riding on the project. Analysts at the Royal Bank and elsewhere predict that Newfoundland's economic growth will outpace all other provinces in 1998 and 1999—but only if nickel production at Voisey's Bay and offshore oil production go ahead. Construction at Voisey's Bay is expected to create up to 100 jobs, while the mine itself will employ as many as 500 workers. There will be shipped to a nickel smelter at Agassiz, N.B., an old U.S. naval base about 130 km west of St. John's, which will employ another 900 people. "There is no question," says Tobin, "that when you couple Voisey's Bay with the development of the offshore oil and gas resources, you begin the process of changing Newfoundland from a have-not to a have province."

Privately, the Innu and Inuit admit the project is impossible to stop. They say they are fighting to ensure that they share in its benefits, and that the land sur-

round 270 million pounds of nickel a year. Unlike the days when entire cities sprang up around massive mineral finds, the 500 employees at Voisey's Bay will be housed in makeshift trailer towns and will be flown regularly to and from their home communities. When the work is done, Inco plans to put back some of the topsoil, smooth out the rough edges, and let the land fill up with weeds.

The compensation packages that Inco is negotiating with the Inuit and Innu—known around the Innu region as impact benefit agreements—are intended to minimize the environmental effects of the mine. They will likely also include job guarantees and provisions for skills training, financial compensation and other benefits. Inco says it was close to an agreement with the Inuit, but talks broke down recently, reportedly over money. The Innu are further from a compensation deal, and separate land-claims settlements for both groups could take even longer. Winston White, a spokesman for the Labrador Inuit Association, says the organization is still looking for a better offer in such areas as self-government and revenue-sharing.

The natives are prepared to wait for the right deal—but no matter how long it takes. "We are tired of being treated like garbage," said Paul Rich, band council chief in the Innu village of Sheshashash, who is among the protesters' white tents. "This minecase is taken from our own backyards. We want to make sure we get as much benefit as we can—not just for us, but for future generations." The Inuit, traditionally less militant than the Innu, are just as determined. "This is our home," says William Inuituk, 58-year-old president of the Labrador Inuit Association. "It was taken away from us in the first place, and now we are going to look for things that are ours. Does this development go ahead without our consent? The answer is no."

The land-claims and compensation agreements, if signed, would alter some bits of a better life for the natives of northern Labrador. For the Innu in particular, the cost 50 years ago brought them poverty, pain and struggle—much of it based on the tiny coastal community of Davis Inlet. Since the once nomadic Innu were forced to resettle there 30 years ago, the village of 400 has been torn by drug and alcohol abuse, family violence and suicide. Even now, Davis Inlet has no sewage system and the houses lack running water. After years of campaigning for better conditions, and battling over issues such as low-level military test flights over their land, the Innu have learned to become fighters. Innu Nation president Dick Scott, 37, has earned a reputation as one of the country's toughest native leaders.

Next year, the Innu of Davis Inlet are due to finally begin moving to new homes in Sargo Bay, 10 km southwest, built with \$60 million from Ottawa and St. John's. With that hard-won victory under their belts, they are ready to go head-to-head with Inco. "Without an impact benefit agreement, without a written claim, the Voisey's Bay project will not be going ahead," says Rich. For the world's largest nickel company, that reality is as cold and harsh as the Labrador winter.

With PETER EVANS in Voisey's Bay



Tension on the tundra

BY JOHN SCHOFIELD

Inco faces a delay at its Voisey's Bay nickel project

The sound of children's laughter punctuated the brisk Labrador breeze as native families huddled around campfires and talked into the night. For a moment, the mood was remarkably lighthearted. But when a group of about 300 Innu and Inuit staged a peaceful march last week through a remote exploration camp on the edge of the massive Voisey's Bay nickel deposit, tensions suddenly flared. The natives were demonstrating against efforts by Toronto-based mining giant Inco Ltd. to build a road and mining on the site. When about 30 protesters entered the camp, RCMP officers moved in and arrested three, including Innu leader Katie Rich. Over the next two days, demonstrators smashed windows, cut phone lines and hurled rocks at police. But Inco's most serious setback came later in the week, when the Newfoundland Court of Appeal approved an Inuit request for an injunction to halt the construction work. "This is an instance," the three-judge panel ruled, "where it can truly be said justice delayed is justice denied."

It was a rare victory for northern Labrador's downriver Inuit, and a blow to Inco's hopes for bringing what is touted as the world's largest nickel find into production by 1998. The court decision immediately closed the books at the site. The 40 Inuit, camped on a hill overlooking Inco's Amikabuk, Bay operations, returned home immediately, followed by 270 Innu and most of the 57 RCMP officers sent in to keep the peace. Inco and the natives must now wait as long as six weeks for the courts to decide whether the 13-km-long road connecting Inco's new exploration camp should be included in an environmental review. Without an alibi, Inco will be hard-pressed to deliver the workers, fuel and equipment it needs to develop the mine. Despite the delay, Inco insists it will meet its 1998 deadline to commence production. "It would be wrong to pretend it isn't tight," said spokesman David Allen, "but we've been assured it's achievable."

Innues appear less optimistic. On the day of the court decision, shares in Inco fell \$1.50 to \$29.05. They closed the week at \$27.55. "Given a price of ground is worthless unless it's producing res-

ources, the Innu and Inuit admit the project is impossible to stop. They say they are fighting to ensure that they share in its benefits, and that the land surrounding Voisey's Bay is not destroyed. Inco officials have made much of their attention to developing a mine with state-of-the-art environmental safeguards. The natives, however, are demanding a full environmental review that includes the road and airstrip, which they argue could damage rivers in the area and destroy the habitat of the arctic char that are an important part of the native diet. Last month, Justice Raymond Hall ruled that the court could not be included in the environmental review, even though a federal environmental panel had earlier recommended a full hearing. Last week's injunction halted construction pending an appeal of Hall's ruling.

What concerns the natives most is the lingering noise of the 20-million-pound drill at the site. In the last six years alone, the company will scoop nickel, copper and cobalt from a granite hole, almost a kilometre in length and 50 m wide. Once the open pit is exhausted, Inco will begin production from a nearby mine reaching one kilometre underground. Over the project's anticipated 20-year lifespan, the mine will pro-



GM lot in Ottawa, sales demand has increased

than they would have. Dealers says vehicles are also built better.

Profit margins have risen, too. Back in 1991, all of the Big Three North American automakers were losing money—an average of \$900 per vehicle at Chrysler, \$933 at Ford and \$2,500 at GM. Since then, says Jim Harbour, chairman of Harbour & Associates, an automotive consulting firm in Troy, Mich., successive price increases and strong demand for high-margin sport utility vehicles have pushed earnings higher. Chrysler's profits last year

averaged \$1,490 per vehicle, while Ford pocketed \$740 and GM \$590.

Sell, auto executives say they recognize that sales will dip unless they put a lid on sky-rrocketing prices. To trim manufacturing costs, the industry has squeezed billions of dollars in concessions from parts suppliers. It is also making cars more economically by deleting items such as heated side mirrors—a trend known as "downsizing."

Dealers says the cost reductions flowing from downsizing will be on full display as 1998 models begin to arrive in showrooms across Canada. The prices of many top-sellers—including the Ford Taurus and Toyota Camry as well as a redesigned Honda Accord—are expected to remain unchanged from current models. In some other cases, prices may fall. "The industry is worried of the affordability question," says Desrosiers.

For now, the affordability crunch is being offset by a stronger economy. Carlos Lora, a Royal Bank economist, says vehicle sales were up five per cent in the first six months of the year. "Consumers are flowing back to the showrooms, bolstered by low interest rates and pent-up demand," Lora says.

The industry is also luring customers with an emphasis on leasing over buying. Leasing allows consumers to drive away in a new vehicle with little lower payments and an option to buy the car later for a preset price. In 1996 four per cent of new cars were leased, but last year the figure was 32 per cent. "Leasing has allowed carmakers to get around the affordability problem for now," says Marc Sautter of ELM International, a consulting firm in Saint-Laurent, Quebec.

The next time the economy dips, however, the industry may face stiff resistance from consumers.

—TIM FENNEL

BUSINESS

Revving up profits

Why car prices are rising faster than inflation

I was late at first sight when Marie Hébert spotted a dark azure 1997 Sebring convertible in the parking lot of her local Chrysler dealer. The price, however, kept her briefly away: \$39,400 in dealer costs. After a test-drive and an afternoon of haggling, Hébert decided to lease the car for \$5,000 down and \$552 a month. Three months later, she is delighted with the vehicle but still has not fully recovered from sticker shock. Says Hébert, a 39-year-old co-realtor with a value-underpricing company in Toronto: "This is about the extreme that an average person can pay for a car."

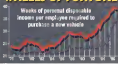
Anyone who has wandered through a new car showroom lately is likely to share her dismay. According to a recent Royal Bank survey, prices for new cars and light trucks rose an average of 12.5 per cent between January, 1995, and March, 1997, a period during which the consumer price index rose 3.8 per cent. The study found that it now takes the average worker 39.3 weeks of income to purchase a new vehicle, compared with 28 weeks in 1990. "Without exception, consumer bank prices are too high," says Wayne Spenards, vice-president and national sales manager for Toyota Canada Inc.

A number of factors have pushed prices higher. In the United States and Canada, governments have forced manufacturers to beef up emission controls and install air bags and more sophisticated seat belts. Meanwhile,

consumers have shown an increasing preference for features such as anti-lock brakes, air-conditioning and leather interiors. In 1996, the list price on a Ford Taurus with automatic transmission and air-conditioning was \$17,741. This year, that redesigned version sells for \$23,195, but includes a more advanced instrument cluster, dual air bags and stronger bumpers.

Prices have also been pushed higher by the pressure to build better cars. Dennis Desrosiers, president of Desrosiers Automotive Consultants of Richmond Hill, Ont.,

WHEELS OF FORTUNE



recently compiled mileage statistics for cars sold in scrap yards over the past three decades. In the 1960s, the typical car had 50,000 km on the odometer when it was taken off the road. In 1990, the average was 178,000 km, and today a typical car travels 223,000 km before it is junked. While the trend has encouraged people to keep cars longer

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Ross Laver



Personal Business

Fasten the seat-belts

Like journalists, professional stock watchers have a nervous system. So it was not surprising that panic from both camps hit the market in late last week to commemorate the 30th anniversary of the market's peak before the long, painful slide to Black Monday—Oct. 19, 1987, the day the Dow Jones industrial average plummeted a record 23 per cent in a single session.

Everywhere, market southayers were drawing ominous parallels between the situation then and now. In the summer of 1987, share prices rocketed to a series of new highs as euphoric investors

pooured record amounts of cash—much of it borrowed—into stocks and equity mutual funds. The economy was strong and most analysts saw growth ahead, but blue skies. Almost unopposed amid the market euphoria, a few pessimists warned that shares were seriously overvalued and that an upward trend in interest rates could soon trigger the bull market into a sudden

No question about it: there are no living traces for investors, made worse by the market's increasing volatility. Some days, prices spiral upward; on others, they dive precipitously, wiping out recent gains. Such volatility, experts say, often signals that the market is close to a fundamental turn. Already, some are calling this the most volatile year since 1987.

So it's time to bail out? The answer depends in part on your tolerance for risk, and even more on whether your sights are fixed on the short or long term.

Assuming that the objective is retirement, the sensible approach is to ignore the day-to-day fluctuations. Admittedly, that isn't easy in an era of 24-hour news, instant "analysis" and breathless up-to-the-minute stock market bulletin. "I normally don't watch the tape, but I happened to be watching CNN last week on a morning when the market fell 70 points," says Eric Krumer, adjunct associate professor at St.

John's at the University of Toronto. "All of a sudden, the reporters were wagging their heads and speculating about a possible crash. Two hours later, the Dow was up 40 points and all the talk about a major correction was forgotten."

The reality, Krumer points out, is that the market's short-term direction is impossible to predict. "It can be overreacting to watch the tape, but it's also totally irrational and meaningless."

What about these comparisons with 1987? While similarities do exist, there are also several significant differences between conditions now and those preceding the 1987 crash. Ten years ago this

summer, the U.S. dollar was falling sharply and government deficits in both Canada and the United States were far higher as a percentage of gross domestic product. Even worse from the standpoint of stock market investors, the U.S. Federal Reserve Board was snatching up interest rates to check inflation. By the fall of 1987, the bellwether U.S. 30-year bond yield was above 10 per cent, high enough to lure many people out of stocks.

By contrast, the long-bond yield last week was a modest 6.61 per cent. And even after six years of U.S. economic growth, there are still no indications of any serious wage or price pressures. Economists, in fact, can't seem to make up their minds whether the greater danger on the horizon is inflation or deflation. As long as they disagree, the outlook for interest rates—and stocks—should remain favorable.

Krumer, for one, is sticking with his long-termized weighting of 50 per cent in stocks, 30 per cent in bonds and 20 per cent in money market funds. "I honestly don't know if the stock market is too high," he says. "I do know that three years ago a lot of analysts were concluding that the market had topped out, and they were recommending that investors sell their positions." Investors who acted on the advice undoubtedly regret it: since 1989, stock prices have climbed 80 per cent.



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Business NOTES

BANK PROFITS UP

For the third consecutive year, Canada's Big Six banks are setting new profit records. Third-quarter profits rose 17 per cent at the National Bank, 20 per cent at the Royal Bank, 24 per cent at the Bank of Montreal, 30 per cent at the Toronto-Dominion Bank and 40 per cent at the Bank of Nova Scotia. The Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce is due to report third-quarter results this week.

BOMBARDIER'S SETBACK

The Mexican government disappointed Bombardier Inc. a bidder a \$450-million subway car contract. In July, the Montreal-based transportation giant said it was close to signing a contract for the sale of 250 cars to Mexico City's transport authority. But in a surprise move, the government rejected Bombardier's bid and accepting proposal on technical grounds. The company said it will bring a lawsuit to the courts.

GENERIC DRUG FIGHT

Canada's two biggest generic drug manufacturers are heading to court again in a dispute over patents. Apotex Inc. has filed suit in U.S. district court, alleging that rival Novartis Ltd. infringed a U.S. patent for making a generic version of the hormone drug Zantac. Novartis, based in Toronto, says Apotex's patent is invalid. The two firms have clashed repeatedly in the past.

BATON GETS CTV

Federal broadcast regulators approved the transfer of control of CTV, the country's oldest private television network, to Baton Broadcasting Inc. of Toronto. Until now, CTV has been owned by a consortium of private broadcasters, none of which held a majority stake. Baton is 53-per-cent owned by Toronto's Balse family.

MARK'S TAKEOVER

Clothing retailer Dylco Ltd. lobbied a \$106-million takeover offer for Mark's Work Warehouse Ltd. of Calgary. Mark's, a menswear chain founded in 1977, has been losing money recently after a rapid expansion drive. Dylco, based in Toronto, operates 640 stores under the Dylco, Saks, Saks Fifth Avenue, Third Avenue, Top Gun, and Mark's names. The offer was made at week's end as investors gambled that a rival bid would soon emerge.

Pumped up over gas prices

Smalling prices at the gas pumps are driving Canadian motorists—and some politicians—around the bend. The cost of fuel in some cities has jumped as much as 15 cents a litre, prompting consumers to demand that governments cut taxes and price controls. Manitoba is insisting on a 10-cent increase in its own gasoline taxes. Last week, a service station in Stony Lake in Northern Ontario raised Ontario Premier Mike Harris up in arms. The Premier's office, normally a staunch defender of big business, urged Ottawa to investigate pricing in the gasoline industry. "I cannot help but suspect there is a collusion amongst the oil companies," said Harris. Rebel politicians suggested that Harris's remarks were motivated by his party's recent decline in public opinion polls. The Canadian Automobile Association, meanwhile, said gasoline



Filling up: strong demand has pushed up fuel costs

prices are now falling. Analysts say higher demand for gasoline, spurred by a stronger economy, has pushed up prices. Supplies have also been tighter than normal because of refinery breakdowns in North America and Europe.

Eaton's clears hurdle

Struggling retailer T. Eaton Co. Ltd. reached an agreement with several specialised warehouse banks that had threatened to force it into bankruptcy. They were demanding a better return on debt they had acquired from Eaton's creditors. The deal means the company can proceed with a restructuring plan unveiled last month.

To win their support, Eaton's agreed to speed

up payments to the banks and to increase the interest rate on pre-negotiated debt to 10 per cent. Unsecured creditors will receive half their money up front—although creditors are demanding more and have threatened to sue the plan. An additional 35 per cent will be covered by assets paying 40 per cent and due on Feb. 28 while the remainder will be covered by 10 per cent assets. But next June 30, Eaton's will have to re-pay half the money to notes paying eight per cent and maturing on Jan. 31, 1999.

FINANCIAL OUTLOOK

Canada's economy surged ahead in the second quarter of 1997. The inflation-adjusted gross domestic product increased at a 4.5-per-cent annual rate, double a slow decline in exports. Strong consumer demand is powering the expansion, helped by heavy business investment in new plants and machinery. Labor income was up four per cent in the quarter, suggesting that workers are beginning to profit from the recovery.

In a first sign of economic growth, the number of people who applied for unemployment benefits in June fell

1.1 per cent from May to 221,000. In total, 577,690 jobs were created since 1982.

Department store sales were 11.5 per cent higher in July than a year earlier.

GDP GROWTH



"The Canadian economy delivered on the government's expectations for it in the second quarter."

Nesbitt Burns

"Looking ahead, we are optimistic about the economic recovery. Job and wage growth will continue to support consumer confidence and purchases."

Scotiabank

"We've had a long period of declining real per capita income in the 1990s. What this shows is that we're getting out of that—that people's real income is rising."

Royal Bank



Peter C. Newman

An opportunist blinded by ambition

The revelation that Lucien Bouchard's psychiatric profile makes him unfit to be a competitive political opponent has quickly qualified for headline treatment.

But it's comforting to receive more or less accurate confirmation of something that most of us who have followed his career, his crises—and particularly his flower-frenzy—have known all along: Lucien Bouchard may not be for sale, but he is definitely for rent.

All Canadian politicians—at least the successful ones—are distinguished by wide strokes of inconsistency and pragmatism. But there is a difference between swinging behind new circumstances and altering your stance so handsomely that instead of accommodating your beliefs, you turn your entire belief system upside down. That has been the case with Bouchard, his every move was prompted by blind ambition to extend the reach of his power.

The Quebec premier has never really believed in anything or anyone except himself. A very long time ago, I described a scandalously reckless politician, John Diefenbaker, as being "a self-made man who worships his creator." That image fits Bouchard perfectly. Recall when Brian Mulroney, then a conservative editor at *Maclean's*, interviewed Bouchard's prime minister Diefenbaker, and asked him what he dreamed about. It was a legitimate, if slightly off-the-wall question, but instead of answering, Diefenbaker brooded and shot back "That question doesn't exist."

Bouchard goes to another extreme. When he is not pleased with Ottawa's intergovernmental affairs committee, he tells the world that Stéphane Dion "doesn't exist." When he gets angry about Quebec's being part of Confederation, he cracks by contending in anybody who tells him that Canada "is not a real country."

In Vivian Rakoff's *Quebec's psychopaths* who wrote the damaging report of Bouchard's mental state, describes him as suffering from an "inherent character disorder," which translates into English means being "incapable in his personal and political life." Not even a dash about that.

Most of us switch parties at election time, casting our ballots for whichever leader or whatever policy appeals to us most. But Bouchard's political loyalties have been anything but casual. He became a supporter of Pierre Trudeau in 1968 and rose within the Liberals to be named vice-president of the Quebec party's political committee. After the 1980 October Crisis, he did a complete about-face and deserted the federalists to become a vocal adviser to René Lévesque's separatists. Following a decade as an independent, he did another turnabout and decided he was really a legal Canadian—just in time to grab the offer by Brian Mulroney of a plum posting as Canadian ambassador to France in 1985. (A slight fact has cast a brief shadow on his term in Paris. Proposing a toast at the first party

among the embassy's 200 employees, he lifted his "coupe de champagne," and uttered "To Quebec-France relations!" Quickly correcting himself, he switched his salute: "To Canada-France relations!"

Two and a half years later, he saw his true calling as a Governor in the cabinet minister, boosted by his "best friend," Brian Mulroney who had been a university classmate at Laval. Bouchard accepted the senior position of secretary of state (which meant, ironically, that he presided over the 1988 Canada Day celebrations), and served as minister, and served as political minister for Quebec. In the spring of 1996, the Quebec politician abruptly abandoned the Tories at the most crucial juncture of their mandate to establish his own separatist party, the Bloc Québécois.

Obviously, Bouchard regards political parties as vehicles to be used and discarded at will. Those who have worked closely with him have noticed a dark side to the man's psyche. He has multiple personalities and each has its own agenda, often contradicting the others. recalls Arthur Charpenay, a former Bouchard confidant who was his international environment adviser during the Mulroney period: "I would start the meeting with one Bouchard and end it with a different one. He was given to shifting from one issue of mood to another without even realizing that he had, reversing his polarity as he went along. He had many mood swings when his cool logic frequently overwhelmed his emotions. This enabled him to convince himself of the Big Lie, he was totally convinced, for example, that he never betrayed Mulroney, but that it was the other way round."

For Mulroney, Bouchard's betrayal during the last days of the Meech Lake negotiations was particularly wounding, because it violated the prime minister's political motto: "You dance with the one you bring 'em." Nothing hurt the PM more during the nine years he spent in office. Mulroney lost faith that politics and profitability were inseparable, but believed that friendship was not negotiable. The split between the two men ran so deep that Mulroney instructed his wife, Mita, that should Bouchard show up at his funeral, she must stop the service until he leaves the church.

The definitive assessment of Bouchard as a man and as a politician was the biting comment of Stanley Hart, a deputy minister of finance who also served as Mulroney's chief of staff: "Lucien turned himself into a human car bomb, designed to go off at a time and place when it would do the most damage." Hart noted after the collapse of Meech: "He reacted when he did because he saw, for the first time, that there was a way far the Meech Lake provisions to work and thus disarm Quebec separatism. He saw a chance to make himself both a hero and a martyr, and to succeed Pierre's Quebec leader Jacques Parizeau. That's what he did. If he had the guy Lucien Bouchard is trying to destroy my country."

Lucien Bouchard may not be for sale, but he is definitely for rent. He believes in nothing except himself.

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SUDDENLY SARAH

BY BRIAN D. JOHNSON

There is a pivotal scene in *The Secret Franchise* where Nicole, the teenager played by Sarah Polley, trellises an inquiry into adulthood as she lies, then, under questioning, she lies again, her voice breaking with just the right edge of emotion. The quiet satisfaction of deceit is visible—barely—in her unwavering eyes, and in the hint of a smile that throbs on from the corner of her mouth. But the lie also contains a terrible truth, a secret understood only by the girl's father, who watches as a shocked silence. Through the scene's icy wall, Polley conveys a psychological depth that is uncanny. There she is, an actor portraying a girl who has come of age by learning to act—to lie and to tell the truth in the same breath. And just as her character closes the door on girlhood innocence, so does Polley. The child star who grew up in the green pastures of the CBC's *Road to Avonlea* is a child no more. And now the Toronto-based actor is making the transition to adult roles with the clear-eyed poise of a young Jodie Foster.

Flash with an triangle at Cannes last May—where it won three awards including second place in the Grand Jury Prize—*The Secret Franchise* opened the 23rd Toronto International Film Festival (Sept. 4 to 13) this week. The movie, which will be released across the country in October, signals a new phase of maturity for its celebrated Canadian director, Anne Eggey (page 68). But for the 15-year-old Polley, it marks a stunning rite of passage. Her performance, though contained within a superbly executed, emerges from *The Secret Franchise* as a quietly devastating revelation. "The character's not so upset and angry as she is completely clear in her logic and thinking," says Eggey. "There's something very direct and plaintive about her feelings. There's something at once very casual, very familiar about her, yet really piercing and something. It's the combination of the two that makes her unique. You never feel she's working hard to get to these emotions, and yet the emotions are so complex that it takes you by surprise."

Sarah Polley has made a career of defying convention. She is a serious actress who consistently asks herself if acting is a serious enough way to spend her time. At 15, she left home to move into her own place in downtown Toronto. At 17, she dropped out of Grade 12—and acting—to devote herself to volunteer activities full time. During an anti-Mike Harris protest at the Ontario legislature, she climbed over a barricade, got clubbed in the stomach and elbowed in the jaw by riot police, who knocked out two of her teeth—leaving Polley left with six teeth out. Now, Polley remains politically active, an unapologetic socialist. But recently she has rekindled her career to become the hottest young star in the country.

In addition to *The Secret Franchise*, she is featured in two other new Canadian films at the Toronto festival: *The Hanging Garden* and *The Heart of Junior Devore*. She is currently shooting *White Lies*, a TV movie for the CBC. And she has casually disclosed a new talent as her role as a teenage ballerina in *The Secret Franchise*, she performs four songs on the sound track, with a score that has a stark, haunting beauty. Encouraged by the composer of the movie's sound track, Michael Thorne, she even recorded an extra song titled *The Secret Franchise*, to be released this week by Virgin Records as a single.

Meanwhile, American scripts are pouring in, along with critical praise. "The Secret Franchise was the best film at Cannes," *Rimbert*

Turan, film critic for the *Los Angeles Times*, told *MovieLine*, "and the movie proves on her performance. If it doesn't ring true, the whole movie falls apart. But it's not a flashy story—it doesn't call attention to itself. And it's so well done you forget how difficult it is to do." Added Turan, "It comes as a surprise to me that she's an experienced actress, because there was a freshness, an undisciplined quality, that people who are acting once they are into others lose."

But Polley remains deeply ambivalent about her success. "I go from being really excited to really uncomfortable with it," she says. For someone who has acted since the age of 4, starred in a flicky road movie (*The Adventures of Babe Marchmont*) at 8, and been a fixture of *Family Television*, she should be used to it by now. Spotted by it. Yet she seems simultaneously unaffected. "I can't imagine any one being in the entertainment business as long as she has being so completely levelheaded," says Eggey. "I can't understand how it hasn't affected her. She's not self-absorbed. In fact, I think she forces herself to be socially concerned as an antidote to stardom."

For an interview, Polley chooses the Eglar Cafe, an arty hangout on Toronto's Queen Street West. As she walks in, she seems in no danger of being mistaken for a movie star. Roads do not turn. Conversations do not stop. Dressed in ragged blue jeans and a black top, Polley is far and foreboding, a slight, delicate bloom, just five feet, two inches tall. She wears no makeup. Her pale blond hair is dark and unruly. But there is something transcendently striking about her soulful eyes, which are large and blue and set with transparent mischief.

Polley is not an obvious beauty. On camera, she bears a striking resemblance to Ciera Thomas. "She has the kind of beauty that makes up on you, which always appeals to me," says Toronto actor Don McKellar, who will begin working with Polley in *Last Night*, his first feature as a director, later this month. "She's very attractive. But she's not the kind of girl that you just look at, she's got that beauty yet mature quality, and that sophisticated intelligence."

In person, Eggey is nothing but a good girl. As soon as she sits down, Polley begins to talk with disarming insight into herself. Filling a commonplace on the power of her understated performance in *The Secret Franchise*, she says "I always feel like I'm taking it. The only way I feel I'm not taking it is to do nothing at all. I really don't consider myself an actor, or a performer, but maybe as someone able to fill whatever there is among actors who do too much." *The Secret Franchise* is the first film in which she has taken acting seriously. "The grown-ups had a very good sense of humor by saying 'you can't wait' what I want to do anyway and it's just for fun. This was a real job all of a sudden." Polley had played a small role, as a baby-sitter, in Eggey's previous movie, *Rushin*, but says she was "completely terrified" by the challenge of *The Secret Franchise*. "I looked at the cast and I looked at the script and I thought, 'I'm the only person who can do it—I'm this movie up.'"

Based on the powerful 1991 novel by American author Russell Banks, the story revolves around a largely feature film (Holt) who captures residents of a small town, community into making after a school-bus crash kills 14 children. The drama unravels several family intrigues, principally an incestuous relationship between Polley's character, Nicole, who is raped in the crash, and her father, Sean (McKellar).

In portraying Nicole, who finds a redemptive clarity in personal

A child star no more, Sarah Polley takes the road to movie stardom

The deeply activist, lefty ambivalent about her success



SPECIAL REPORT

triumph, Polley drew on her own experience of losing her mother to cancer when she was 11. "I was in a class, a very happy childhood class," she recalls, "and basically I came out of it the second my mother died. I didn't really experience a standard grief. All of a sudden people became fascinating to me. I became very aware of people being three-dimensional, and having motives and angles. Things became very clear and logical, which is what happens to Nicole. Somehow my mother's death brought me a kind of joy, a kind of hope. And that comforted a lot of people." Polley happens to add that she loved her mother, but "never really reached the age where I got to know her as a person."

The youngest of five children, Polley grew up in a show-business family (her Finnish-born father, Michael Polley, was a stage actor who moved to Canada and married her mother, Diane, an actress and acting director from Kingston, Ont.). "She was a very precocious little child," recalls Michael, now 64 and retired from his second career in insurance. "She could read at a very young age. She would read all the scripts lying around the house. Initially, my wife and I both discouraged her from acting, but she was so keen we eventually gave in." Sarah's brother Nick acted on and off as a child, but the youngest Polley is the only one who stuck with it. At 4, Sarah landed her first role, a bit part in Philip Barrow's *One Magic Christmas* (1985). That led to TV work, and at 8 she starred in *Bananas*, a PBS series based on the books by Beverly Grier. "That is when I became a thorough-bait," she recalls. The same year, she landed the lead in *Mooseheart*, British director Terry Gilliam's epic satire. Shooting stretched over seven months. Gilliam, Polley says, "was just insane. I think he probably wanted his own daughter to play the part but wasn't willing to put her through 20-hour days, and explosions going off outside her head, and being in freezing cold water all day. I didn't have a good time."

After *Mooseheart*, Polley swore that she would "never go in the States or do another big-budget picture." And she has strong views about children going into show business. "I don't blame my parents, because they did everything they could to discourage me," she says. "But my kids won't do this, nor will it be that it makes you grow up too

fast. It stunts your growth. Because you're in a really foolish, false world with completely screwed-up people trying to get ahead. I don't know if it's any place for an adult, let alone a kid."

But at the time, as her father recalls, Sarah was a trooper. "She was so excited she didn't complain very much," he says. "It was only much later that we learned she shouldn't have been worked so hard." After the end of *Mooseheart*, Polley found a side hustle in family TV (she produced for Toronto's Sullivan Entertainment with the CBC and the Disney Channel). At 16, she also did a *Golden Globe* performance as Cook, key person in the TV movie *Leslie's Child*. And she began her career as a starlet as Sara Stanley, the spirited heroine of *Round to Round*.

Polley was a bit spoiled for Disney. During the *Gull* Wars, she wore a power symbol around her neck as a search commodity for children's television in Washington. Disney officials at her table told her to take it off, and the 15-year-old Polley firmly refused. After that, several times, Disney never called again, although she had previously gotten several auditions a year from the company. "And I told them if they wanted me to do publicity, I was going to say what I want. So that was the end of that. Just as well. I didn't really want to stand in Disney World and smile eternally."

As she grew into her teens, Polley began to feel stifled by the cozy confines of *American*. She was like a small town kid longing for the action of the city. "I wasn't involved in the show mentally or emotionally," she recalls. "I wasn't on the lead of the thing. I would watch. And the last couple of years I didn't really want to be there." But she stayed on because of contractual obligations. "I can't believe that they have kids signed to contracts when they are nine years old," she says. "I don't think a decision that you make when you're 9 should hold you into your life."

In 1994, Polley finally broke out of her TV niche as well as *Bananas* and star in the *Strawberry Fields* film *Through the Looking Glass*, winning acclaim for her first stage role. For a time, she got serious about school and dreamt of going to Oxford. But Polley left Toronto's Earl Haig Secondary School before graduating to change into politics. After flirting with nation-state politics, she worked for successful NDP candidate Peter Kormos in the 1993 provincial election, and he defeated NDP on candidate Mel Williams in the recent federal election. She has volunteered with the Ontario-Catholic Against Poverty, and delivered sandwiches to

street kids snarling on Yonge Street. But she has tempered her stardom. "The biggest mistake I made," says Polley, "was taking the press about politics. Because it confirmed my worst fears. I just wanted people thinking I'm doing it for my career—although it's ridiculous to be involved in left-wing politics for my career."

Seduced back into acting by scripts that she found hard to resist, Polley has now begun to discover herself through her work. "I started by," she says, "every character who I've played in the past two years has been exactly who I've been at that moment." Last year, in a vignette as "Gold" girl in the CBC series *Strapped Up*, she had the pleasure of having the sweet blond image from *Around the Bend* lip-sink, heavy eyeliner and raven wig. And she played her first adult lead in the movie *Joe vs. Mac* to Josephine, a slight but striking tale of class-crossed lovers by Peter Wellington, a former director based in Toronto. "I've never heard of her," says Wellington, and "I'd never seen her when I think she got wind of the script and was anxious to play a grown-up



The actor in *American*, *Strapped Up*, *Joe vs. Mac*: Patricia Richardson and Sweet Revolution's "You never feel that she's working hard to get to these emotions, and she gets the emotions as so complex that it takes you by surprise."

She's really smart. For somebody who's been so successful as she is, she's still got a hint of being spoiled and she's definitely playful."

The movie, which landed quickly at the box office, drew some moviegoers, despite coming from two Toronto critics who accused Polley of swiping Diane Keaton's understated stunner *As Good as Dead*. A friendly critic pointed out that she has a dangerous flash with a blue collar character. Polley was playing someone older than herself for the first time. And it was easy to see how as a privileged actor seeking to connect with the less privileged, she could identify with the character.

In *Joe vs. Mac*, Joe Brown lives in a similar dynasty. She plays Rebecca, a pushy, snarling steel girl who talks tough but is still longing by a teller at her middle-class parents. It is her most hard-edged character to date. Like everyone else, she's a first-time director, Toronto's Clement Vane (Mads), has nothing but praise for her. "Sarah has great actor instincts," he says. "With her I don't have to explain a lot, because she comes with her own work. And she's got a very workmanlike approach. Once you say 'action,' she's in the moment. Once you say 'cut,' she's out of the moment." Adds Vane: "She lives accidents. She doesn't get frustrated by them. She goes with them and makes them part of the scene."

During the shooting, says Vane, she was trying to get a patch of dialogue. Polley stopped all of a few minutes and dropped up a regular that asked the problem. The story, which became part of the scene, involves her character realizing a childhood ambition of going down to work again from the head and finding her father in a construction position. "Do you know what a hard job looks like is a 16-year-old kid?" she adds. "It's as big as your arm."

The story, which Polley says is not autobiographical, illustrates her love for improvisation—and a subversive twist. It also touches on the disturbing issue of child-parent sexuality, which is as integral to her role as *The Sweet Revolution*. While stressing that she has never suffered any abuse as her own family, Polley says she identified privately with her character in *Reveries* film. "While in my life I am intimately in a lot of guys. Girls at 13 or 18, so many of them have that Dad-to-daughter thing about them. They don't understand it. And they know it's there's some passion there and it gives them a feeling of empowerment." Thus she adds: "I never acted that out with my dad because I was always

worshiping. I probably acted it out a lot more with men on the set, when I realized that coming into their legs had a certain gratuity to it."

The scene in the film version of *The Sweet Revolution* is presented as a romance—sweetly, if a couple, casual. "It's not sure if you can use the word 'romantic' when it's a father and daughter," says Polley. "But it's not that. Nicole somehow likes it. She's a social being. I think what's really changing is our inability to talk about things like that. Because people then go around feeling like freaks their whole lives because they were accepted by their fathers." Then she adds: "The ideal is daughters who did not pressure, and all of a sudden they are kind and angry and feel completely destroyed by it. But they don't think the physical pleasure."

Polley's relationship with her own father, she says, is complicated but unusually healthy. "We're the best friends," she explains. "I don't think I've ever fallen into the role of traditional parenting, and I've never fallen into the role of being a daughter. Every time I have a decision to make, he's the one whose advice I seek, perhaps because he refuses to give it."

He's got kind of a profile presence in my head.

Michael Polley, in fact, is about to shorten the distance. This month, he will move from his country house in Aurora, Ont., in downtown Toronto—just two blocks from the Victoria House that Polley shares with her sister, boyfriend, but Michael lives most of the anxiety one might expect from the sole parent of a child who left home at 15, dropped out of school and tried her senior

physique against rap police. "I always felt that she was a lost soul when she was out of father with nobody," says Polley. "The thing I've really liked about her is the way she's resisted all attempts to turn her into a so-called star. She doesn't look good enough up to the hilt."

Sarah's father really works on a play in 1996 with actor Albert Finney. "I remember him telling me at one point," she says, dipping into a British workaholic lexicon. "We're actors! Nobody special, man, we're just doing a bloody job like anyone else, like someone in a factory, except we get longer hours." But that kind of work is the average of about Sarah. She just says: "I am a job to be done, and not some great and glamorous role." As for Sarah's politics, Michael says: "That's a daylight, although the car never make it back in the States because she'll probably say something to put her foot in it."

Polley is now approaching the celebrity crossover. U.S. magazines have been to meet her. She modeled her in its fall list of 25 people to watch. And *The Sweet Revolution*'s U.S. distributor has postponed its movie release until December to capitalize on an Oscar nomination. Polley, however, is doing her best to remain steadfastly unaffected by it. "There have been a whole bunch of phone calls," she says. "Things that might or might not happen. But a lot of Canadian actors have big things happen to them and then they just go back to doing what they did before. I don't want to care enough that a world screw me up."

At *The Sweet Revolution*'s premiere in Canada, Polley got a taste of glamour. One guy who was a constant in the swirl of congratulating Mel Williams, and the next she was making a lacrosse in *Believe in the Boaters*. "Canons was weird for me," she recalls. "There's an element of real magic to it, and you get really swept up. You can become consumed by the adrenaline—I wasn't aware that. But that you wake up the next morning and have to live with who you really are. And you're not a really big movie star. You're just like anyone else."

Guilty Polley bought a dress for the Cannes premiere, a 100-ounce gown from Sweeney. She will wear it for the *Sweet Revolution* opening night screening at the Toronto festival. "Oh, probably the last dress as in Cannes," she sighs. "The not one of three people who has to buy something new for every function. When I bought the dress, I figured I could wear it for at least three years." □

HOW SWEET IT IS

BY BRIAN D. JOHNSON

Inevitably, directors get tired of their own movies. And after directing *The Sweet Hereafter*, Anton Egozon watched it so many times that by the time it premiered at the Cannes Film Festival last May, he no longer knew what to make of it. But last month—rehearsal for a production in Italy with his wife, actress Anneke Kluysman, and their four-year-old son, Arwin—the Canadian filmmaker was ready to take a fresh look at *The Sweet Hereafter*. The occasion was a private screening in Toronto for the Directors Guild of Canada. Halfway through the fire alarm went off. There was no fire, but the theatre was soon filled with firemen. "It was so bizarre," recalls Egozon. "Usually firemen are all nice. Everybody leave the building now!" But they were so casual. They were thankful because they'd read about the film. So I ended up doing a Q&A session with all these firemen. They all wanted pictures and they gave me their cards."

It Anton Egozon is hot stuff in the fire hall, perhaps it is official that he has finally made his mark in the mainstream. Not two major years ago, despite his popularity in Europe, Egozon's name in North America was synonymous with cerebral arthouse fringe, that film *After* (1994), his best-selling drama of schoolgirl striptease and adult bereavement, was a modest hit, grossing \$45 million. Now, *The Sweet Hereafter*, Egozon's seventh feature, takes his career to a new threshold. To the consternation of many critics, the film fell short of winning the Palme d'Or at the top prize at Cannes, but it received more awards than any film in the festival, the second place Grand Jury Prize, the International Critics Prize and the Ecumenical Jury Prize.

The Sweet Hereafter also marks a departure for Egozon. Based on the 1991 novel by Russell Banks, it is his first script adapted from another source. And although the film's tone of serene existential paralysis is familiar from his previous work, for once his characters are so totally normal people. Playing in the B.C. interior the 27-year-old director also left behind urban claustrophobia and took his camera into Canada's wilderness for the first time.

But shooting in the mountains "wasn't that shocking," says Egozon, sitting an espresso in the kitchen of the converted house that serves as his production office in downtown Toronto. "It was raised on the West Coast, so natural beauty is part of me." (Born in Cairo to Armenian parents, he moved to Victoria at the age of 11.) "What makes this film such a huge step forward," he adds, "is that for the first time you can identify with the characters. You're not outside them. In all my other films, the characters have been fragments, aspects of my own personality. They were people looking for their



The moviemaker, through at Cannes, and a shift to literary adaptations

own identity through rituals or gestures. But they were just shells."

Now he tells us:

Sometimes this is in that all those sayers who felt dismayed by his film were right all along! No—Egozon stands by his original work, but he felt he had reached an impasse. "After *After*, I felt that everything I was writing I had dealt with somehow before," he says. "I was treating love I have natural attraction, the grotesque and the absurd, and extreme and obsessive behavior, but I can almost predict that. I want to surprise myself and surprise others." Adds the director: "I think my filmmaking is going to be split between projects I write myself, which will become smaller and more intimate

and these adaptations, which I really enjoy."

Egozon's career, a kind of maelstrom work in progress, extends beyond his. Giving Robert LePage a run for his money as a directorial Renaissance man, he is writing a libretto for an opera titled *Klanakavala*. He will direct *De Guk Experiment*, a new work by leading British composer Gavin Bryner, for the English National Opera in London next spring. In November, Egozon is recasting his provocative version of the opera *Salome* with the Vancouver Opera. And he is currently polishing off his contribution to a 20-part series of films about cricket. In *Yu Yu*—a playful film in which his intransigent gets stuck in traffic on his way to a concert, and then he has to put up with a coughing fit in the audience.

The next movie project, meanwhile, is another literary adaptation. Backed by MGM's Jean YVES Productions in Los Angeles, Egozon is writing and directing a screen version of *Felicia's Journey*, based on the 1994 novel by Irish author William Trevor. Work was involved in Egozon's last brush with Hollywood—as the producer of *Dead Sleep*, a thriller that he was preparing to direct two years ago. After a quarrel with Warner Bros. over casting the female lead, Egozon backed out, and *Dead Sleep* was dead in the water.

The director is more optimistic about *Felicia's Journey*. It would become his first non-Canadian movie, although he made an unsuccessful bid to transplant the setting to Canada. Trevor's novel, which won the Whitbread Prize, is about an Irish country and his first film in England, pregnant and perilous, looking for the lover who left her husband, she falls in with a gentle, mild-mannered psychopath who tries to convince her to have an abortion so he can fall in love with a clean conscience. The subject matter is far from Egozon's usual. But Egozon suggested turning the woman into a Quebecois who travels to Victoria—a mistake that was vetoed by the author.

Banks, meanwhile, seems delighted with Egozon's treatment of *The Sweet Hereafter*, although the director shifted the setting from New England to British Columbia, re-oriented the narrative structure, added a car wash scene at the spring, stripped the story of its desolation-by-chance, and

embellished it with readings from *The First Payer of Blood*. "It's a brilliant film," Banks told *Maclean's* in Canada. "He has assembled my novel and remembered it like a quack. And he doesn't judge any of the characters." The *Past Payer* movie, Banks added, gives the story the quality of a fable, and he would have used it in the novel if it had occurred to him.

But perhaps Egozon's boldest innovation is his portrayal of the incest between the teenage Nicole (Sarah Polley) and her brother, Ben (Tom McCann). We first see it in a candlelit room as a young romantic reverie, as if seen through the girl's confused eyes. "A lot of people will be quite shocked by it," says the director, "because they won't realize the scene which we're supposed to feel. But that's exactly what Nicole is experiencing." Then he adds, "I try to show things that haven't been shown before. And what we have never seen is that type of incest from the viewpoint of the person who's going through it."

The Sweet Hereafter, meanwhile, offers more natural performances than any of Egozon's previous work. "These characters were fully formed," he says, "and I knew that the worst thing to do would be to stylize them." British stage veteran Ian Holm stars as the ambulance-chasing lawyer, Michael Stephens—replacing Donald Sutherland, who dropped out 10 days before cameras were set to roll last winter. But the cast is dominated by Canadian shores of other Egozon films: Bruce Greenwood, Gabrielle Rose, Mandy Patinkin, Polley and Kluysman.

The director seems to inspire loyalty in actors. Aside from his affection for misanthropic themes, one of the quaternally Canadian things about him is that he—like his older colleague David Cronenberg—is a notoriously nice guy. Polley says she has never worked with an easier director. "Even if he was a really bad film-maker," she suggests, "I think I'd still want to work with him."

Egozon brings a misanthropic sense of fun to the set. Actors appreciate his playful, almost childlike friendship with the crew process. But the director combines it with a clinical respect for control—like the chess man in *The Sadness*, the author is *Game* or the lawyer in his current film. There is a scene in *The Sweet Hereafter* where Stephens, the lawyer, tells the driver who crashed the school bus that she must learn to express her suffering for the sake of his lawsuit. When she finally does so and no longer is grief, he rudely tells her off. "And then what happened?" Egozon can identify "That's what a director does," he says. "We go to incredible lengths to achieve an actor to do something, only to disrupt it if it doesn't work for us."

Egozon, meanwhile, is gradually making his name in the *Past Payer* of Canadian cinema. And where he is leading it is anybody's guess. □

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Jongsom Wangchak, Pitt in *Seven Years in Tibet*, scene from *Kolydote* (Orel's childhood innocence)

SPECIAL REPORT

THE SACRED AND PROFANE

Tragics with an intimate Canadian movie shot in the mountains of British Columbia, and closes with a grand Hollywood epic set in the mountains of Tibet. In between is a sublandscape of cinema that spans from backstage Broadway to backwoods Belgium, from the dance floors of South Miami to the gutter alleys of Sarajevo. This week, the 22nd annual Toronto International Film Festival (Sept. 6 to 13)—the largest event of its kind in North America—puts on the glitz. *Seven Years in Tibet*, which opens the festival, and *Les Indes du Nord* (America's *Seven Years in Tibet*, which ends it, 10 days later with a promise of final Pitt in the flesh, are works of art. But they represent the split personality of a festival that, like its counterpart in Cannes, has learned to reconcile the sacred and profane extremes of cinema, the high art and the celebrity voyeur.

The festival, which offers 281 films from 58 countries, generates a feeding frenzy among Toronto film buffs. When its downtown box office opened last Friday, a two-hour line of jostling heads anxious to reserve tickets stretched for several blocks. The festival has also become an industry mecca, a schism—least for producers, distributors, agents and actors. Some of the stars expected to show up this year, aside from Pitt, Anthony Hopkins, Robert DeNiro, Jeremy Irons, Alec Baldwin, Kim Basinger, Danny De Vito, Donald Sutherland,

and Steven Martin, William Hurt, Kevin Kline, Kevin Spacey, Claudia Schiffer, Robin Wright, Christopher Walken, Samuel L. Jackson, Elizabeth Berkley and Patrick Swayze.

There is always a danger, of course, that small films with under-covered talents can get lost in the celebrity glare. And festival director Piero Chiavari admits he gets frustrated by the situation: the media lavishes on visiting stars. But the Hollywood show of force delights the sponsors and helps subsidize the festival's less commercial fare, such as the African and Latin American programs. Besides, aside Hauding, "there are so many stars who want to come. Jon Michelle, who only did the music for a film [*Lowell*], wants to come. Carol Burnett [*Heaven*] in the documentary *Moss* (see *Backstage*) wants to come. What are we going to say—'don't'?"

Handling insists that the festival's real stars are still the films. And this year's lineup looks seductive. When you throw together several hundred new films from around the world, it is like sampling the antiques. Whether by serendipity or design, some striking patterns emerge. In fact, the opening and closing night movies—*The Sweet Hereafter* and *Seven Years in Tibet*—happen to represent two prominent trends in this year's crop: both stories focus on children, and both are adapted from novels.

The theme of trust between adults and children crops up again and

again—in films haunted by a yearning sense of parental responsibility as to whether children flourish with innocence and wonder. In *The Sweet Hereafter*, a teenage girl Sarah Delaney is jettisoned out of an institution (coinciding with her father Steve Duren in *Delicatessen*) as an 11-year-old Dula Laura (Jongsom Wangchak) who leaves the wayout of the world from an Austrian chamber (1995). And in *The Mirror*, Russian director Juri Panch's sequel to his impressive debut, *The White Ribbon*, a young girl gets lost in the street among insensitive adults. But British director Charles Sturridge takes the strangest plunge into a child's imagination with *Kolydote*—a Thai story based on the 1917 costume play over two English girls who produced snapshots of James in a walled garden that the photographer experts could not dispute. Peter G'Thule plays the Arthur Conan Doyle, who



Oliver Dittl, Harrison in *Witness* or *Delicatessen*, a number of films focus on Russian horrors

Toronto's festival gets stars, big movies and cinematic curiosities

opens to the children's delight, while Harvey Keitel plays escape artist Harry Houdini, who confronts their claim as a fraud.

Children also figure heavily in a number of films set in the Balkan states. In *Edin* in Sarajevo, an anguished and documentary, Australian writer Peter Jackson returns to the Bosnian capital—where his mother was born—and films an emotional portrait of the embattled city that focuses on two young girls. On a more lighthearted scale, British director Michael Winterbottom's harrowing *Witness* to Sarajevo tells the true story of a journalist trying to smuggle a child out of Bosnia. The film presents a staggeringly heart-rending litany of the Balkan drama, documentary footage and TV news clips, with the leading States on the sound track and an eclectic cast that includes Woody Harrison, Marina Tsvetayeva and Stephen Dillane. *The Perfect Circle* is a similar story of rescuing Sarajevo children. It is a most harrowing film, a Bosnian-made drama that was actually shot during the war. But in both movies, devastating panoramas of Sarajevo's bombed-out wasteland make the city the central character.

Perfect Circle is one of 17 films in a special festival program on anti-Semitism in Balkan cinema. A number of them focus on the war, and some again children are everywhere. In *Folia*, a school bus filled with claqueurs on a field trip gets trapped between two army barracks on a high mountain road in Slovenia. Bosnia's *Antwaid* (Aug. 23), which

was straggled out of the country during the war, depicts a group of students whose parents get them into trouble on the eve of the Second World War. And in the whimsical *Belarus*, *Thalassia*, *Reborn* in the Sea, a signature kind of Balkan peasant children's amusements on a shoestring while Jaguar convert the art and art in the coast.

While the Balkan films show from light on a part of the world usually seen only through news clips, there is also a surprising number of movies that illuminate the literary landscape. Most are period films. Literary adaptations include two versions of Henry James novels about aristocratic romance: *Amour* (Hilary Swank's *Washington*), starring Virginia Madsen, and *John Sutter's Wife* of the Dove, featuring Hilary Swank's Carter. British director Anthony Carter also stars in *Keep the Aspidochelone*, based on George Orwell's gently satirical love story about an aspiring poet and a woman in advertising. Dutch director Marleen Gorris follows up her Oscar-winning hit, *Amsterdam*, with an adaptation of Virginia Woolf's *Mrs. Dalloway*, starring Vanessa Redgrave. Bringing to life yet another literary heroine, Britain's Trevaan Redfern directs *Shant* from the Sea, based on "Amy Foster," Joseph Conrad's short story about a woman's tragic romance with a shipwrecked sailor.

In a more contemporary vein, there are two new adaptations of Spanish literature. *2001*—a powerful drama based on the Barler's acclaimed novel, features Jonathan Pryce as a psychiatrist dealing with shell-shocked soldiers on leave from the trenches of the First World War. And Spain's Manuel Lombardi makes his feature debut with a new book on Stephen Vincent's novel *El Financiero*. *Older Women*, starring the love story against the backdrop of the Spanish Civil War.

Despite the large number of feature films—47 of the festival's 233 films are feature films—the program also includes new work by some established stars of American indie cinema. In *Lowell*, the success of last year's *Lowell*, John Sayles returns with *Lowell*. *Lowell* is a modern western set on the U.S.-Mexican border. Crossing that frontier, his new movie is not in Mexico, but entirely in Spain, it tells a true story of a woman who, in Spanish country, Jimenez, works in with that of the *Lowell*, a masterpiece of cinema. Two other documentary directors include Michael Moore (*Roger and Me*), who returns with *Big One*, a chronicle of his journalistic tour to promote his book *Downsize This*; and Errol Morris (*The Thin Blue Line*), presents a gallery of eccentricities in *Fast, Cheap and Out of Control*.

While the festival showcases films from around the world—many of which may never receive commercial distribution—it also serves as the year's most important venue for new Canadian movies. The 11 features in the Perspective Canada program are wildly diverse. But there is a bizarre coincidence. In both *The Hanging Garden*, a compelling first feature by Halifax director Thom Fitzgerald, and *The Planet of the Apes*, a sensitive urban parable by Toronto's Clement Virgo (*Lowell*), the main character is a 12-year-old boy in another coincidence, Toronto director Kim Sturgis has made a brutal little action movie called *Moss* with Gans, but like the *Lowell* movie. Perhaps he should think of a new title, even though the Toronto festival goes out of its way to celebrate Quebec, French, and Canadian cinema, sometimes it makes sense to deliver to a master.

BRIAN D. JOHNSON

GLOBAL VISIONS IN MONTREAL

With American movies taking over the big screen from Japan to France, the Montreal World Film Festival has cast itself as an important defender of the non-Hollywood film. Other cinema offerings may strive for acceptance by co-opting Hollywood stars and power brokers, but Montreal, under festival director Serge Louque in the official program, remains a place "where new cinema is never sacrificed on the altar of media spectacle." Louque's definition of the word Hollywood film may stem from its easygoing status choice. Montreal's 21-year-old festival used to rank among the top festivals in the world and boast about attracting stars such as Jane Fonda and Christopher Reeve. In recent years, however, it has clearly been surpassed by the Toronto International Film Festival, which *The New York Times* has declared the "North American Cannes."

Perhaps as a coping strategy, Montreal's festival now prides itself on encouraging cinematic diversity and making the movies as accessible as possible to the viewing public. In this respect, it remains extremely successful. Some critics say that the festival—with its selection of 413 films during this year's Aug. 28 to Sept. 2 run—needs to be more selective. But Danielle Cascardi, a festival programmer and vice-president, says programmers can "select their own festival," choosing instead of strictly Latin American or Asian films if they are so inclined.

Diverse by choice from more than 50 countries and underscored by the fact that just about the only Hollywood star in attendance this year is injury-prone Jacqueline Bisset, the public keeps coming. On the last five days of summer even the most obscure films were managing to attract a decent audience. "It's a lot easier for the movies," explains Sandra Phil, who has arrived for a 10 a.m. screening on a weekday morning. "I take a week off work and we do the screenings because the screenings are more crowded."

Ironically, while fans at the Montreal festival are lining up to see movies from around the world, the moving picture public abroad is flocking to Hollywood blockbusters rather than domestically produced films. Looking through the 1997 edition of the *Finney International Film Guide*, Cascardi picks up one country after another where the top 10 movies in the box office are almost all from the United States. "The Americans have the ability to make films to



Esset: few U.S. stars but films from 50-plus countries

Diversity rules at the 21-year-old festival

please very large audiences," she explains. "In Hollywood, they hold tight to screenings and the ultimate decision maker is the public. If an audience doesn't like the way a film ends, the studio will change it."

European filmmakers on the other hand will not budge a happy ending and let the hero die. As for the Japanese, their most talked-about film of the year is the story of a murderer who has an obsessive relationship with an ex. Directed by Shunji Iwano, *The Elf* was the co-winner of the Palme d'Or at this year's Cannes Film Festival and is being showcased in Montreal, although it is not in competition. Even among disheartened critics, however, *The Elf* is something of a hard sell.

Three Canadian films attracted attention, although they were not in competition for the festival's grand prize. There was considerable excitement when Vancouver's Guy Maddin's surreal *Tachiki of the Air* premiered. Canadian-born director Daniel Petrie's Bernard Malamud adaptation, *The American*, and National Film Board stalwart Margaret Wootton's documentary about lesbians through the ages, *Stolen Moments*. The two Canadian features included among the 21 films in competition were directed by transsexual Quebec filmmakers Olivier Asselin's *The Best of the Best* and Michel Pouliot's *Le Concert*. The latter is the tale of a young 18th-century scientist who seeks to recover the soul of a runaway, while the latter focuses on a policeman investigating the occupants of a halfway house.

Since this year's festival features a special section on Iranian cinema, it is hardly surprising that there is also an Iranian film in competition. The *Civilization of Women*, directed by Majid Majidi, is, like many of the Iranian films, about children, about children. By focusing on young people and everyday life, the festival's 10 Iranian films, most of which were made under the auspices of the state cinema foundation, have managed to avoid censorship at home.

But not all the Iranian films are strictly apolitical. Programmer Cascardi cites the example of *Lehli* by Amir, a comedy on the unlikely subject of the Iran-Iraq War which makes the point that, for many Iranians, the incentive to fight in this so-called holy war was financial rather than religious or political.

War is also the subject of one of the festival's biggest-drawing movies. China's *The Great Wall*, directed by Xia Jia. Released in Hong Kong in July to celebrate the return of the colony to China, the film details the 1840 conflict over China's efforts to ban the British trade in opium. It not only pleased the critics but had moviegoers lined up around the block. The 25-hour drama was as much as any Hollywood production and proved that, even in Montreal, festival audiences will enjoy a dose of plot. What remains to be seen, however, is whether or not a movie as lush as *The Great Wall* can achieve international box office success outside a film festival.

ANN BROCK/REUTERS as Montreal

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Weather warnings

BY MARK NICHOLES

Early last year, climate forecasters at the University of British Columbia armed a computer with a sophisticated pattern-spotting program modelled on the human brain. Fed with data on wind patterns and surface water temperatures in the southeastern Pacific, the program paid off in May when the Vancouver group was among the first to spot the emergence of a powerful, and potentially devastating, weather event—the periodic superheating of ocean water off the west coast of South America known as El Niño. That could be good news for many Canadians—some forecasters predict that a reemergement of global weather patterns resulting from an unusually warm El Niño could mean a milder winter and below-normal snowfalls in southern parts of the country. Globally, however, it could be a very different story. In 1982-1983, storms, flooding and drought caused by El Niño killed more than 1,000 people and wreaked an estimated \$18 billion in damage. "That one could be just as strong," says oceanographer William Hsieh, a member of the UBC climate group—"or even stronger."

The betting in forecasting circles is that it will be a very big one indeed. At a conference of climatologists in Geneva last month, Jaqueline Shanks, head of the Washington-based Institute at Global Environment and Society, predicted that the new El Niño could be "the climate event of the century." The periodic heating of the equatorial Pacific has been known for hundreds of years to Peruvian fisher men, who named it after Jesus—El Niño means the Christ child in

Spanish—because the event usually peaks around Christmas. The current one is already making its presence known. Parched conditions are shrivelling rice and grain crops in the Philippines and then aging coffee plants in Indonesia. Peas that disrupted weather patterns could stand harvests in Africa and Latin America pushed up coffee and cocoa prices last week on international commodity markets. But the overall effects of El Niño are difficult to predict, says Amy Schubert, a Toronto-based Environment Canada climatologist, "because these events affect different parts of the world in different ways—and no two El Niños are alike."

Improved weather monitoring over the past decade has helped scientists learn more about El Niño, which begins to form when an intricate interplay of air and ocean alters the direction of easterly trade winds along the equator. When water from the western Pacific moves across the ocean and builds up in a wedge-shaped mass off the coast of South America. As the usually chilly waters of the region heat up, by as much as 5°C, masses of warm air soar into the atmosphere, altering global weather patterns to cause drier-than-usual conditions in southeastern Asia and torrential rains in parts of South America. To the north, the results are harder to predict. But as the evidence so far, U.S. forecasters are predicting heavy rainfall in California, across most of the American Southwest and as far east as Florida this winter—the same kind of pattern that brought devastating floods and mud slides to parts of the United States in the early 1980s.

For Canada, snow will depend on changes in the jet stream—the mighty air current that flows at between 15,000 and 30,000 feet, cir-

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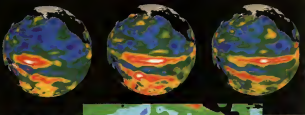
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zyler warm Pacific air from west to east across North America. When El Niño makes its influence felt, the stream can divide into two parts, one arm pointing south across California towards the Gulf of Mexico, the other circulating at a much higher latitude than usual from southern British Columbia across part of Canada. In 1982-1983, El Niño's shifting of the jet stream raised temperatures in some parts of Canada by as much as 6° C, although not all regions benefited: the eastern Arctic endured an unusually bitter winter when the jet stream passed below the region.

The overall result could be similar this time. Although the Yukon and Northwest Territories may be in for more snow than normal, says Shukla, much of Southern Canada can look forward to less rain and snow and warmer-than-average temperatures. But Hsieh cautions a different conclusion: Western Canada will have a warmer and drier winter, he predicts, but he thinks that "the effects will be less noticeable in the eastern part of the country."

Despite the prospect of balmy weather, El Niño's impact on Canada could be a mixed blessing: economically. If the Prairies experience a dry winter, there could be less water in the ground when farmers begin planting wheat and other grain crops in the spring. "But besides, everything depends on next summer's rainfall," says Paul Bullock, director of weather and crop surveillance at the Winnipeg-based Canadian Wheat Board. "And that's hard to predict." Winterizers along the coast of British Columbia could play into Canada's hands in the bitter fisheries' dispute with the United States—by persuading sockeye salmon to return to their Fraser River spawning grounds by a more northerly route than usual and avoiding U.S. fishing boats.

A warm winter could also bring a welcome reduction in many Canadians' heating bills. But less rain and snow might diminish the flow of water needed to generate hydroelectric power in some provinces. And the ski industry in some parts of the country could

wither, though resort operators insist that state-of-the-art snow-making equipment can easily make up for any shortage of the real thing. Meanwhile, on only as this fall El Niño could affect the U.S. eastern seaboard from the often destructive effects of hurricanes, some of which play out in storms over the Atlantic province. The reason El Niño typically produces strong westerly winds that can displace weather disturbances is the southern Atlantic before they venture into hurricanes.

Scientists are still debating whether stronger El Niños may be a result of a slight increase in global temperatures recorded in recent decades. So far in this century, since Shukla's time, there have been about 25 El Niños, but since the early 1980s the pace seems to have increased. The last two came in rapid succession, from 1991 to 1992 and 1994 to 1995, though they were relatively mild phenomena. "They are being caused by global warming," says Shukla. "Or it could even be that it's the other way around—the El Niños might be contributing to global warming." Other experts doubt that global warming is a factor.

"We don't really see any connection," says Vernon Kousky, a research meteorologist with the U.S. National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration in Camp Springs, Md. "This phenomenon has been around for a long time, and it has always shown a tremendous variability."

What is certain, says Kousky, is that surface water temperatures in the eastern Pacific are currently rising at between 25° C and 27° C—compared with the usual 22° C to 23° C—and "that is about as high as we've ever seen them at this time of the year." Experience suggests that, if the conditions persist, El Niño of 1995-1996 could go down in history as a marker of true climatic chaos. □

Satellite images of warm areas in the mid-Pacific in March and April (above), computer image of El Niño, Aug. 17

EL NIÑO'S IMPACT ON CANADA



AIDS Walk Canada

Prevention of HIV—the difficult challenge of reaching those most at risk

An

source of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Their words were never spoken when it comes to the transmission of HIV, a changing but still deadly epidemic in Canada and around the world.

As the epidemic continues, the need for effective, targeted prevention programs has never been more acute. The Canadian AIDS Society and its member groups across the country race funds every year to help put effective programs in place.

Targeted campaigns have already paid off in other countries like Australia, Uganda, and Thailand.



"We know prevention works and as a strategy it is a cost effective way of responding to the AIDS epidemic in Canada," said Tasha Yonick, a National Programs consultant with the Canadian AIDS Society. "Education programs can reduce the rate of HIV transmission by helping people understand how to minimize their risks."

Targeting those at risk for infection of HIV is becoming more of a challenge as the numbers of those infected in this 15-year-old epidemic continue to rise at an alarming rate. While deaths due to AIDS have decreased sharply within the last two years, the rate of infection, particularly in Canada, is rising among those most difficult to reach.

"We are really pleased that death due to AIDS has begun to decline," said Russell Armstrong, Executive Director of the Canadian AIDS Society. "But the new statistics are still a worry. We can expect 3,000 to 5,000 new cases of HIV infection this year. Most of these individuals are young gay men, women, Aboriginal

people, and injection drug users. For many of these people, factors such as poverty, abuse, substance use, mental illness, and lack of education directly influence the spread of HIV."

Perhaps the most difficult sector to reach are those using injection drugs. Statistics show that this group represents the most dramatic increase in the rate of HIV transmission in Canada, particularly in urban areas like Montreal, Vancouver and Ottawa.

"We want to help Canadians who may not consider health their number one priority—people like the homeless or the mentally ill whose primary needs may be shelter, food and safety. For prevention programs to work, we need to apply an approach that includes counselling and support," said Ms. Yonick.

Also of concern is the fact that Canadians infected with HIV are becoming younger and younger. Between 1985 and 1990, the median age of HIV infection was 25 years of age, down from 32 years of age for those infected before 1983.

Still, knowing how to reach teenagers is not an easy task. According to the Canadian AIDS Society Youth Project Coordinator Marc-André Le Blanc, recent research has helped develop a solid effort in gaining the attention of Canada's young people.

"With teenagers, success comes if they get involved in their own prevention programs," he said. "Since the beginning of time, what's really important for youth is to be part of a peer group. So when programs give them a sense of belonging, where they have the confidence to speak and share ideas, then messages of caution begin to sink in. We're really optimistic that we're going to make a difference for the next generation."



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A glimmer of hope in new AIDS treatments

C

linical advances in the treatment of AIDS are moving at lightning speed, offering a glimmer of hope for the 50,000 Canadian men, women, and children infected with HIV. For some of these people, new drugs called protease inhibitors have bought some valuable time. But experts warn that while new treatments are prolonging the lives of some of those diagnosed with HIV, there is still no cure for AIDS.

"Since the development of new treatments, we have seen some astonishing recoveries," said Rodney Kerr, a National Programs consultant with the Canadian AIDS Society. "But we have to keep working on the research. Up till now, the new treatments mean a remission, not a cure." Indeed, the new treatment, which usually consists of a combination of antiretroviral drugs like AZT, 3TC, and a protease inhibitor such as saquinavir, zalcitabine, or didanosine, is hardly the apple-of-day of therapies. The treatment regimens are complex and must be followed to the letter to be effective.

"The triple combination therapy works for many people, but not for all," said Kerr. "And when it does work, the success of the treatment varies depending on the individual. We're still dealing with many unknown factors when it comes to these drugs."

Combination therapy is potent but it is also toxic. Severe side effects like nausea, chronic diarrhea, anemia, liver dysfunction, and possibly diabetes, can at times be worse than the symptoms of the disease itself. And there is no comforting the fear many patients experience about the long term effects of these drugs — all of which are completely unknown.

While the current therapy is by no means a panacea, it does offer hope to those with HIV/AIDS. The biggest hurdle for many, however, is not dealing with the side effects, rather it's the high cost and limited accessibility of the drugs.

"The cost of triple combination therapy is about \$1,500 a month," said Brian Haskins, Board Chairman of the Canadian AIDS Society and a person living with HIV. "That cost can increase to about \$2,300 for those needing more aggressive therapy. Who except those on good drug plans can afford these costs? What percentage of the world's AIDS cases have universal drug plans? I can assure you — it's a very slim percentage."

The Canadian AIDS Society and its member groups across the country are working towards a goal of ensuring that persons living with HIV/AIDS get the treatment they need.

"The national AIDS Walk is a good way for all Canadians to join together to help resolve an issue that in one way or another affects us all," Haskins explained. "We walk for a cure but we also walk to demonstrate that we can be a better, more forgiving, and kinder society."

AIDS Walk Canada, an annual fundraising and awareness event, will be held in over 60 centres across Canada on Sunday, September 28. The walk will be followed by AIDS Awareness Week, seven days of education sessions and special events to help all Canadians learn more about the issue of AIDS in their nation.

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A cancer in decline

Diet change and rectal examinations pay off

In July, 1994, Cindy Stewart was playing first base in a Vancouver softball game when she stretched to catch a ball—and felt a sharp pain in her lower abdomen. When the pain persisted, Stewart checked into hospital and, after testing, was diagnosed with colorectal cancer. Because the cancer had spread, surgeons removed part of her bowel, one of her ovaries and four lymph nodes. After that, she endured a year of painful chemotherapy. But for Stewart, now 35, "the worst part of it all was the emotional trauma," stemming from the knowledge that only about one-third of patients operated on for advanced colorectal cancer are alive five years later. Even so, Stewart is determined to keep her life on course. A single parent with a 10-year-old daughter, Stewart, an accountant, is studying for a master's degree in business administration at the University of British Columbia. Every six months, she undergoes extensive tests and, so far, she appears to be free of cancer. "Things are looking pretty good," says Stewart. "But the fear never leaves—because I know the cancer can come back."

After lung cancer, tumors of the colon and rectum are the deadliest this year, an estimated 16,000 Canadians will be diagnosed with colorectal cancer, and about 3,200 men and 2,700 women will die of the disease. Despite those bleak statistics, the mortality rate for colorectal cancer has steadily declined in North America during the past two decades. And improved diagnostic methods now make it possible to catch and treat the disease early on. Studies have shown that a simple test to detect occult traces of blood in a patient's feces can save lives. And some specialists argue that colon cancer can be best detected by screening patients over 40 with a colonoscopy—a flexible tube inserted through the length of the colon—and removing polyps, precursors of the disease. Says Dr. Warren Hudd, a Toronto colorectal surgeon: "This is the only internal cancer that can be prevented before it starts." But Hudd thinks everyone over 40 should undergo the uncomfortable procedure, although some medical experts argue that screening of the whole population would impose a prohibitive burden on the health-care system.

At the same time, scientists are steadily gaining insight into factors that can cause the genetic machinery in cells lining the colon to go wild and run amok. In a major breakthrough, researchers at Baltimore's Johns Hopkins

University last week reported a genetic flaw that may be responsible for one in every four colorectal cancer cases among Jews of European descent. The finding means that a simple blood test may soon be available to determine which of Canada's more than 300,000 Ashkenazi Jews are at risk. And "the broader implication," said Johns Hopkins' geneticist Steven Leibel, "is that there are genes in other

populations that may be responsible for one in every four colorectal cancer cases among Jews of European descent. The finding means that a simple blood test may soon be available to determine which of Canada's more than 300,000 Ashkenazi Jews are at risk. And "the broader implication," said Johns Hopkins' geneticist Steven Leibel, "is that there are genes in other

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McIntyre with colonoscopy equipment: a lot of high-risk food puts people at risk

or ethnic groups first do the same thing."

In fact, researchers estimate as many as half of all colorectal cancers may be caused by inherited defects. The most common because of carcinogens—substances inhaled or swallowed, or fired by the bacteria that thrive in the colon, or large intestine. The 48-foot-long tube that runs from the end of the small intestine to the anus.

A major breakthrough—rectal bleeding, cramps, constipation and abdominal cramps—can be an early warning of colorectal cancer. To investigate, physicians conduct a colonoscopy and when polyps—which may already be cancerous—are spotted, they snare them with a wire loop, then

ways for most people to protect themselves against colorectal cancer—by eating on regular rectal examinations, and by watching what they eat. Perishable evidence suggests that a diet low in animal fats and high in fruits and vegetables can help fend off the disease. "There is almost certainly a role for diet," says Dr. Bernie McIntyre, a colorectal surgeon at Halifax's Queen Elizabeth II Health Sciences Centre, "and people who eat a lot of high-fat foods are probably at risk." While pushing broccoli, beans and grains may not always be tempting to some, it could save lives.

MARIE NICHOLS

Straight shooter

Rising star Mike Weir has his sights set high

Mike Weir may be the latest Great Canadian Hope in men's golf, but he is not infallible. At the PGA Tour's Greater Vancouver Open in late August, the 27-year-old from British Columbia, had his high hopes dashed on the slick, undulating greens of Northwest Golf Club in suburban Surrey. He was confident going in—he had placed fifth at the event last year on the same course, and he had just finished second at the Canadian Professional Golf Association championship the previous week in Markham, Ont., to secure his position as the top money-winner in the Canadian Tour. And Weir, a sweet-looking 191 lb, but the ball beautifully throughout the first two rounds of the GVO. But when should have been a showcase for a rising star was instead a losing battle with a balky putter. "I just had one of the worst putting weeks of my career," Weir said after returning to his home in Draper, Utah. "No matter what I tried, the ball would not go in the hole."

Such a fall, for prize money and status. The good news for Weir is that he will get another chance to test himself against the best this week in Montreal at the Bell Canadian Open, where organizers have assembled a glittering field that includes Masters winner Tiger Woods, British Open champion Justin Leonard, PGA Elite Dave Love III and two-time champ Greg Norman. For the players, the free-kind fairways of Royal Montreal Golf Club will be a pleasant change from Glen Abbey, the Royal Canadian Golf Association's home course in Oakville, Ont., which has hosted all but one Open since 1976. "I think it's great we're playing at Royal Montreal," says Weir, who flew in early for extra practice rounds.

But some Canadian pro-circuit Opens are open enough because so few of them get to play the event. The Tour restricts the number of non-Canadian players who can go to

non-PGA Tour members, and Dave Barr of Richmond, B.C., is the only Canadian with a PGA Tour card. And recall, pros such as Ray Stewart of Abbotsford, B.C., and Brian Hask of Victoria, B.C., will not be among the 156 who tee up on Sept. 1, and they complain that the GVO treats Canadians better than their "national championship." But the Open's tournament director, Bill Paul, argues home-country pros get two-thirds of the 24 exemptions, based on performance criteria. "We want to provide opportunities for Canadians," he said, "but exemptions are not just automatic handouts."

With Barr sidelined following back surgery, Canada's hopes will ride on youth or Richmond resident, Dick Zokol, fresh off a strong performance at the GVO, and such familiar pros as Glen Hastick of Sekele, Man., ranked fifth in the U.S. Nike Tour, and Rick Gibson of Calgary who competes in Japan. "There are a lot of great Canadian players around the world," Weir says. "They're just not playing the PGA Tour."

But the oddest, well-spoken Weir is the only twentysomething with a legitimate shot. He is playing with great confidence, he says, because his swing has stood up under the pressure of close competition all season. He leads the Canadian Tour with earnings of more than \$80,000—double that of runner-up Ray Freeman of Langhorne, N.C.—despite playing only seven of 10 tournaments. Weir's stated goal is to be the best player in the country, and longtime observers think he stands a good chance of achieving, as much for his mental toughness and competitive spirit as for his shot-making. "You could see that it hurt him very badly to miss the cut at the GVO—he expects a lot of himself," says senior broadcaster Lorne Robertson, who has covered golf for 25 years. "There's something special about him, a little of the fire that George Knudson had." Weir appreciates the comparison—Knudson was the country's most decorated golfer. "I am working very hard on every aspect of my game," he says.

Weir knows he has chosen a career that can be more capricious than lucrative. He failed in five straight years to qualify (qualifying school)—the grueling series of tournaments from which the PGA Tour actually selected 60 members from more than 1,000 entrants. Despite the setbacks, he persists in thinking he will earn his card. In fact, he and his wife, Brian, bought their home in Denver partly because nearby Salt Lake City is a hub for Delta, the PGA Tour's main airline partner. From there, he plans to head off to Q school again this fall—that is, unless he wins the Canadian Open, which would automatically win him his Tour card. Weir is not counting on that, but he is not ruling it out either. "I am totally motivated to play among the best," he says. "I want to win, and that's it."

JAMES DEACON



Weir: 'There are a lot of great Canadian players around the world'

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Pamela Wallin

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8:00	THE Josh Margolis & Jessica Battaglia					BOUGH CUTS with Ann Padua	PACIFIC 8M REPORT with Tom Thompson
8:30							NEW BUSINESS NEWS WEEKLY
9:00	CBC MORNING NEWS					MEDIA	LIFE SIGNS with Steve Berkeley
9:30	NEWSWORLD BUSINESS NEWS - MORN EDITION					ON THE ARTS	THE HEALTH SHOW
10:00						FUTUREWORLD with Hugh Duffy	EMERSON FILE with Tim Burke
10:30						STREET CENTS	MACLEAN ETV with Pamela Wilson
11:00	CBC MORNING NEWS Hosted by Patricia Lee McLean & Bill Cameron					PACIFIC 8M REPORT with Tom Thompson	FUTUREWORLD with Hugh Duffy
11:30						NEW BUSINESS NEWS WEEKLY	THE MONEY SHOW
12:00	AGENDA Hosted by Jessica Battaglia					BEC WORLD NEWS	BEC WORLD NEWS
12:30						CANADIAN GARDENER	UNDERCURRENTS
1:00						LIFE SIGNS with Steve Berkeley	
10:30	CBC MORNING NEWS Hosted by Patricia Lee McLean & Bill Cameron					UNDERCURRENTS	EMERSON FILE with Tom Thompson
11:00	NEWSWORLD BUSINESS NEWS - MORNING EDITION					FUTUREWORLD with Hugh Duffy	
11:30						SOULSTUFF with Patrick Grant	
12:00	THE Josh Margolis & Jessica Battaglia					NEWS WEEKEND with Paul Hunter	FACE OFF with Carol Hsu & Jeff Hertz
1:00							PACIFIC 8M REPORT with Tom Thompson
1:30						BOUGH CUTS with Ann Padua	NEW BUSINESS NEWS WEEKLY
2:00	ENTERTAIN with Kathleen Petty					ANTIQUES BOUGHSHOWN with Hugh Duffy	ANTIQUES BOUGHSHOWN with Hugh Duffy
2:30							
3:00	BURNABLE LIVE with Hugh Duffy					FACE OFF with Carol Hsu & Jeff Hertz	THE 9th WAVE
3:30							
4:00						LIFE SIGNS with Steve Berkeley	FUTUREWORLD with Hugh Duffy
4:30	POLITICS with Ben Newman & Nancy Wilson					THE MONEY SHOW	MACLEAN ETV with Pamela Wilson
5:00						FUTUREWORLD with Hugh Duffy	MACLEAN ETV with Pamela Wilson
5:30						ON THE ARTS	MACLEAN ETV with Pamela Wilson
6:00	BEC WORLD NEWS					BEC WORLD NEWS	BEC WORLD NEWS
6:30	NEWSWORLD BUSINESS NEWS - EARLY EDITION					EMERSON FILE with Tim Burke	NEW SPORTS JOURNAL with Tom Thompson
7:00	ANNIE PETERSON TALK TV					ON THE LINE with Pamela Gordon	ON THE LINE with Pamela Gordon
7:30							
8:00	THE LEAD with Alison Smith					ANTIQUES BOUGHSHOWN with Hugh Duffy	THE PASSIONATE EYES with Catherine Dean
8:30	THE MONEY SHOW						
9:00	BEE LIFE with Daniel Butler					ON THE ARTS	
9:30	THE NATIONAL with Peter MacKenzie & Mike Cooper					MARKET PLACE	
10:00						BOUGH CUTS with Ann Padua	SOLIDWORKS with Tim Burke
10:30	PAMELA WILLIAMS					THE MONEY SHOW	THE PASSIONATE EYES with Catherine Dean
11:00	BEC WORLD NEWS					PACIFIC 8M REPORT with Tom Thompson	ANTIQUES BOUGHSHOWN with Hugh Duffy
11:30	NEWSWORLD BUSINESS NEWS - LATE EDITION					SOULSTUFF with Patrick Grant	UNDERCURRENTS
12:00	THE NATIONAL with Peter MacKenzie					NEWS WEEKEND with Paul Hunter	THE PASSIONATE EYES with Catherine Dean

Books

Renaissance woman

An Italian mother recounts her life to her son

THE SECRET BOOK OF

GRATIA DEI ROSSI

By Jacqueline Park

Diction, 572 pages, \$34.

In its own way, this first novel is almost as much a curiosity as its prototype—the like-suffixed or secret books that Renaissance Florentine merchants once wrote further sons to pass on the private details of the family business. Winnipeg-born Park, a

some readers, at least, will know how her novel ends. Park actually uses it to great effect. As Gracia starts to write, a Protestant German army begins to cross the Alps, on a meandering expedition that will culminate in the sack of Rome in the spring of 1527. Park keeps this key event in the decline of Renaissance Italy looming over the novel like the shadow of death, adding poignancy to the author's account of the era's astonishing cultural and artistic achievements.



Park: artistic tradition and a complex, ever-changing landscape

12-year-old professor expert at New York University's Tisch School of the Arts, has crafted a serious historical novel of the old-baldhead sort rarely attempted nowadays. The fictional Grama da Rosa's lengthy story of her life, addressed to her beloved son, Danilo, comes complete with a map, a family tree and a cast of thousands (almost)—many of them real-life figures about whom virtually every detail is historically accurate.

The well-educated daughter of a Jewish banker, Grima begins writing her story in the fall of 1898, with the poem that sends her family fleeing from Moscow when she was 11, on a harrowing journey during which her mother dies in childbirth. In the ensuing 30 years, Grima encounters almost everyone who matters in the late Russian Renaissance, from sculptor Sergeyev to Gorky to Ioshkevich. "I was a wanderer among geologists and art patronage, to whom Grima becomes confidential secretary And through much of her life, she is torn between her debts and her love to a Christian."

In short, *The Secret Book* seems ready-made to be tripped by the shortcomings inherent in sweeping historical epics, from vast length to the plot imitations forced by a known story. But Park, a veteran TV and film writer, skilfully dodges most of the pitfalls. Gemma's voice—gently cynical, laced with sardonic wit ("when it comes to money, patriarchy never fails")—is well-suited to the observant, unflinching outsider she is. And rather than try to secure the first two

Eventually, of course, the barbarians do reach the gate of Graia's Roman refuge. The Germans bring slaughter and destruction to the city, and send her on another perilous flight—and Park into the one trap she has not succeeded in avoiding. The book's jarring conclusion seems more a desperate attempt to halt a novel already overlong than a fit ending to an engrossing story. But still, this Park's artistic erudition and the complex, engaging character of her heroine let *The Secret Book* stretch its genre as far as it can go.

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Publishing



Richer: his book is among those with best-seller potential

A golden harvest

Booksellers are upbeat about the literary crop

BY D'ARCY JENISH

When Jim Moore spent his Victoria bookstore in the mid 1980s, new works by Canadian writers usually arrived in small batches, with little or no advance publicity. Moore recalls that he practically had to pitch them personally to customers. He would prominently display freshly published novels by Margaret Atwood or Robertson Davies at the front counter, and recommend them at every opportunity. These days, he notes, such measures are rarely necessary. Many English-Canadian writers have become household names across the country and literary stars abroad. Their books come with considerable fanfare and great expectations. "Our literature seems to have really found itself," says the 61-year-old bookseller, the former husband of short-fiction master Alice Munro. "When I started out, not many Canadian authors even got near the best-seller lists. Now, it's mainly Canadian books at the top of the lists."

This fall, among the beauty of the pages of publishers' catalogues, dozens of titles will be vying for the cherished status of bestseller. In the literary fiction field, the early favorites are new works by two Ontario writers—Winnipeg's Carol Shields (Garry's Party) and Montreal's Marlene Richler (Glossy's Prisoner)—and eagerly anticipated works by younger but established novelists—Melinda Goo-based Jane Urquhart (The Underpavement) and Toronto's Nino Ricci (Where She Has Gone). The nonfiction side is so

crowded that predicting winners is a risky business—although names like Peter C. Newman and Pierre Berton, both of whom have new books this fall, seem to have personal appeal.

Over the next 12 months, publishers will bombard the market with shiny new works on politics, business, history, culture, women's issues, hockey, war and other subjects. And, to add a touch of frenzy to the season, one publisher has already released a book on the BaeX scandal—the biggest gold and stock scam ever. The *Big Deal* (McClelland & Stewart), by Douglas Gould, Andrew Wilks and several Globe and Mail colleagues, was released last week, and two others are on their way. "Unless there are really startling revelations in the others," predicts Jane Cooney, owner of the Toronto shop Books For Business. "The first out is going to be the winner."

Given the volume and variety of new titles, at least a few are bound to snail on bookstore shelves. But with the coming on a roll, publishers and booksellers are in an upbeat mood following two very difficult years. "Attitudes are changing," says Sharon Boniarchuk, co-owner of Andrews Books Ltd. in Edmonton. "We went through a big downturn in a government and university sector, but I think we're going to have a good fall." Books, however, are always a gamble, and industry players dread the lag was first launched the fall season of Toronto's Key Porter. Publisher Anna Porter opted for an early release of *Free, Good and the End of the Rainbow: Guarding Your Teeth in the Coming Bear Market*, co-authored by the late Andrew Sachs and Toronto journalist Patricia Reid, after market guru Series died and

An industry in bloom

BY ANITA ELASH

As a Canadian book publisher, Jack Skoddert is not given to making up or predicting about the future of his industry. During his 30 years in the business, he has seen too many promises or overnight hard times that even Toronto-based Skoddert is prepared to be bald these days. And he predicts his industry is on the cusp of unprecedented growth. Thirty per cent over the next two years, to be exact. Don Sedgewick, publisher of Doubleday Canada and Seal Books, is willing to go even further. With the blessing of Doubleday's German parent, Bertelsmann AG, the Toronto executive has launched a new program designed to double his Canadian sales in the next five years. Even Karl Seigler, whose Macfarlane company, Talon Books, was threatened with extinction after a 40-50 per cent cut in government grants two years ago, allows a cheerful note: "Talon has recovered so quickly Skoddert is planning a modest expansion later this year."

The partnership that characterized Canadian publishing barely seven years ago has been replaced by the bid by taking up opinions and abundant spending. Canadian authors are enjoying unprecedented esteem at home and abroad, and their publishers are banking on that momentum to boost profits. Author advances are up, promotional budgets have grown and more, more aggressive marketing techniques have found their way into the boardrooms of publishing houses. Finally, it seems, it's a good time to be a Canadian book publisher. "Books, we feel in the industry, have become a much hotter property," says Skoddert. "People believe there will be a future."

The publishing industry has permeated through times when no one believed there was much of a future. Only a handful of companies consistently make a profit and even they, in fact, most independent Canadian houses pride themselves on their willingness to ignore economics in favor of worthy projects that might otherwise never see the light of

day. Most are battered by ever-shrinking government grants, and a few make up for their losses by distributing important titles. But Skoddert, who claims his own firm, Skoddert Publishing, has always averaged less than five per cent before taxes, declares he has "never" seen an independent Canadian trade publisher that set out to make money. "If they did, they would only go with the sale titles."

As a result, the Canadian trade publisher—both the independent and the multinational—turn out an extraordinary number of books, about 6,000 new titles a year, ranging from obscure poetry to sensational political exposés and critically acclaimed literary fiction. Just 30 per cent of those books turn a profit, says Skoddert. Even then, a couple of unexpected flops can turn an otherwise healthy fiscal year into a disaster.

On the other hand, an unforeseen success can send profits soaring and finance a publishing program for years to come. *Bone, Book & Bone* has done just that for publisher Macfarlane-Walker & Ross. A guide to the baby boomers' economy by University of Toronto economist David K. Reardon and journalist Daniel Siedman, it was expected to sell about 25,000 copies when it was published in May 1986. In mid-August, sales were at 212,000 copies and climbing, a record for a hard-cover edition in Canada. The result has made up for previous losses and allowed publisher M & S to begin acquiring new manuscripts for the next three years. "When you have a year like this, it gives you a chance to invest in titles that seem promising or those that you could not afford to do otherwise," says publisher Jas Walker. "This gives us confidence that for the worthwhile cost project there is an audience there."

Most Canadian books realize only a fraction of the sales enjoyed by those, *David & Goliath*, a rarely published since its economic collapse. A typical fiction title sells 2,500 copies. Non-fiction averages 3,500. By contrast, U.S. publishers can expect to sell at least 10,000 copies of their



Author: Joyous by the author's success of last year's books

colleagues. And because per-unit printing costs decrease as print runs increase, most Canadian titles begin to turn a profit—and earn industry best-seller status—only when sales reach 5,000. Even then, margins are slim. Depending on the volume purchased, 40 to 50 per cent of the cover price goes to the printer. Another 15 to 20 per cent goes to the author, depending on sales and the author's stature. Manufacturing and editorial costs eat up 20 per cent, while overhead accounts for a further 10 per cent. In the end, a publisher can expect to earn \$1.50 on a \$30 best-seller that goes out the door.

That is assuming 40 per cent of the copies produced are sold. Usually they are. But if they are not, bookstores return the books for a full refund. Last year, largely as a result of store closures when many NorthBooks and Cokes renamed to become Chapters superstores, more than 30 per cent of books were returned. Combined with a 10-per-cent out-of-pocket publishing grant in 1986 and soon-expiring cuts in some provinces, the changing retail market pushed many publishers precariously close to the edge. Book houses, which rely substantially on public funding to sustain their programs, have suffered most. Although only a handful have actually collapsed—the demise of Coach House Press last

year, which makes the world available to your house. That did not exist 10 years ago."

In response, larger publishers are also shifting their focus to the business side. "Publishers are becoming much more intentional," says Don Sedgewick's colleague. "We are hoping we can drag more people into bookstores." For Sedgewick, greater accountability has meant leveling up his Canadian book program. Cookbooks and gardening guides are out. Fiction, politics, sports, business and Canada are in. Rather than waiting for authors to come to them, the editors at Doubleday are actively seeking out writers who can produce mass-market titles.

Once the titles are acquired, publishers are looking for the right book to book. Book has had to be, here is our first list [newly released books] and wait for people to come in and shop the front list," says Ken Thomson, vice-president of sales and marketing for McClelland & Stewart. These days, book launches are carefully planned, aimed to coincide with current events, and promotional campaigns can include everything from traditional campaigns to advertising in newspapers such as sending an author on tour via motorcycle.

And for the first time, publishing houses are trying to position themselves in readers' hearts

Canadian publishers prepare to put an end to hard times

year is the best-known example—most have been forced into a new conservatism, especially when acquiring new titles. "The titles in grants have hurt us very badly," says Seigler of Talon Books. "Opportunities have been lost if the way from acquisition to sales."

But while titles to grants may translate into fewer volumes, they have also led publishers to take more creative measures. Seigler was forced to lay off two of his four staff members and pare his list by one-third, but he also set up a Web page for international orders and supported sales efforts at major retail outlets to sell more. "Talon's brand of poetry, social criticism and drama," Talon earned a \$40,000 profit last year. Toronto's ECW Press, which traditionally focused on scholarly works on Canadian literature, moved towards a more controversial list when library budgets began to dry up in the early 1980s. It now produces about one-third fewer titles, half of which are non-fiction such as hockey books and celebrity biographies. According to publisher Jack David, sales have increased 40 per cent in the past year.

For the industry as a whole, however, a sales increase remains elusive. Although Canada's titles are hit, domestic trade has been slack between \$1.2 and \$1.4 billion a year since 1980. Analysts believe the biggest hurdle has been attracting new readers, especially younger ones. "How do you compete with motion picture companies, which are huge?" says David Kent, publisher of Random House of Canada. "Then you have the whole cable TV industry and the la-

by developing brand loyalty. To that end, M & S has launched two series aimed at young readers—*True North Comics*, produced with the McDonald's chain, and the *Smorch Old* series of book-length mystery novels for middle-school-olds. "If we can hook young readers and get them reading McClelland & Stewart books, that books will be for our future," says Thomson. For older readers, M & S has tested radio and radio-added promotions—the first offering a \$12 rebate on M & S books while the second offered a free Canadian map as a CD as purchases over \$40. From multipassionate readers, the marketing pin their opinions as a rapidly changing retail market. "For the last decade, it has not been very interesting out there," says Skoddert. Although the Chapters and Indigo superstores are hated and feared by many smaller bookstores, they have added interest. With coffee shops, cozy chairs and tens of thousands of titles, new bookstores are a destination again. "One superstore has more titles at 13 than anywhere but Toronto and Vancouver had in a whole city," Skoddert says. "Once people understand that they can go and find 5,000 titles on a subject in one store, they will take the time to do that."

And once customers are in bookstores, they tend to buy books. The question is whether superstores will continue to be magnets for book buyers, or whether—as has been the case in the United States—they will lose their novelty. But for now, the unusually optimistic players in the Canadian publishing industry are betting that superstores will continue to yield super-sales. □



Bob Levin

When movies are like a toxic waste dump

See *Spenser* the other day. Saw an entire airport obliterated before the opening credits. Saw a man in a barbershop and consumed as flames, screaming his wife's name, only to return as the hell bent, avenging *Spenser* with a very bad complexion. Saw a fat, fatulent clown transformed into an ill-tempered computer-maniac before having his head lopped off and roasting on the floor like the *Wicked Witch* of the West. Ten years null that dirge, "In the sort of things those characters say, and 'You're a soulless corpse'—which is a fair description of the movie. And I saw all this in a theatre full of kids as young as five and six years old, who were no doubt relieved that, at least for now (the narrative threatened a sequel), *Spenser* has saved the world from doom.

Or has he?
And here comes the truly bifurcated part. Start talking about kids and parents—reviews, TV, music—and the next thing you sound like Dan Quayle or some stick-haired Bible Belters spouting hellfire and damnation. You mount your pulpit or your soapbox and out comes the assertion that, for reasons involving civility, *Spenser*—or the British behavior, two fine Canadian boys, by-the-by—have, in their own modest way, contributed to its demise.

And then you think for strategic tells you. Green, lighten up. It's just a stupid comic-book heroine flick, OK? *Superman*, *Spiderman*—we used to read them by flashlight, remember? And violence? How about *The Three Stooges*, even *The Road Runner*—did they turn a whole generation into autistic victims and cynics? So what if kids get their jollies watching *Joe*. *Carry* squeals out of a hole twice as big. We survived Jerry Lewis, didn't we?

And yet...and yet. And yet I wonder, here at the close of another summer movie season, what we're doing to our kids.

I wonder about the endless bombardment of aliens, monsters, mutants, explosions, punch-ups, profanities, and all-around rotten attitude that we allow—yes, pay good money—to be rammed into our children's heads. Video violence, the experts tell us, makes kids more aggressive, less empathetic, more frightened of the world. And the standards keep slipping—remember the debate, a mere three years back, about whether the father Joe's death would be too upsetting for planned viewers of *The Lone Ranger*? How quiet.

I wonder, too, about the movie industry's explanation. Studio big wigs told *The New York Times* recently that they're simply reacting up to what kids and their parents want, that with more sophisticated fare on TV and the Internet—not to mention the reality of broken homes and domestic violence—children are growing up faster and

families are demanding more adult entertainment. "Today's eight-year-olds are yesterday's 12-year-olds," said a man from Disney, which has seen animated staples like *Aladdin* and *The Lion King* give way to disappointments like *Prozac Nation* and *Hercules*.

Hey, you can't argue with the marketplace, right? The kids' wish, Hollywood's command. So blow away some bad guys, unleash the killer dunes, crank up the special effects and the marketing machine. If parents have qualms—if they wish to read the same sort of old TV trailer and the carnival-bus-to-ivory—that's what the P is for in Parental Guidance, the Am Adult Accompaniment. (And, trust me, what the age restriction is for on cigarette sales and guns, no, Joe Camel hasn't tried to turn teens into teen smokers.)

And so kids piled to see the latest *Lost World*, *Batman* and *Robin*, *Men in Black*, *Spenser*. And mostly we take them—eager to please, happy to have things to do together in busy, chaotic times. And sometimes it's OK. *Men in Black* may not be their good, but it's the best of an otherwise bad lot, witty and snail-like, with violence curiously enough to keep it light. A certain eight-year-old gave it a thumbs-up, although in the midst of it one of his friends twice leaned over to ask the time.

Which it says here, is precisely the point. Others have doubtless had different experiences, but mine tell me this: forget what the studio execs say. In fact, greet what your own kids say afterward with a certain skepticism. But watch them in the theatre, the frame, the described face during the *Batman* and *Robin* the scenes, caged looks during some nice, scary movie like, say, *Aladdin* or *Forrest Gump*. Or *Ty Burrey*, which got the big-budget hype but was wonderful anyway, not because of its cast computer situation but because—as David Macfarlane noted in *The Globe and Mail*, responding to the *Twain* piece—it was a toy they're appealing characters, unimpaired situations, what a concept (but it over occurred to the Disney folks that *Aladdin* is simply a better name than *Prozac Nation*). I've grown up. I like to work—I've rarely seen more rag-bare, or answered more urgent and persistent questions, than during *Aladdin*.

So what's a parent to do? The obvious: take care, check out what kids see, talk to them after. (None of which is easy, of course: adults have enough trouble finding a half decent movie to see themselves—whatdays think, honey, *Shallow* with a gut or *Dem* with a butt?) And, sometimes, say no. No to the vile and vulgar, to the capitalistic—no for the same reason you wouldn't take your family for a casual stroll through a toxic waste dump: it's not healthy.

Terribly unfair sentiments, I'm afraid, the sort *Spenser* and its ilk would gleefully ridicule. "Are you done with this Hallmark poem?" the clown asks at the slightest hint of actual human feeling. "Because I can't take any more of this sentimental crap."

I am. Please, leave *Spenser*, more sentimental crap.

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